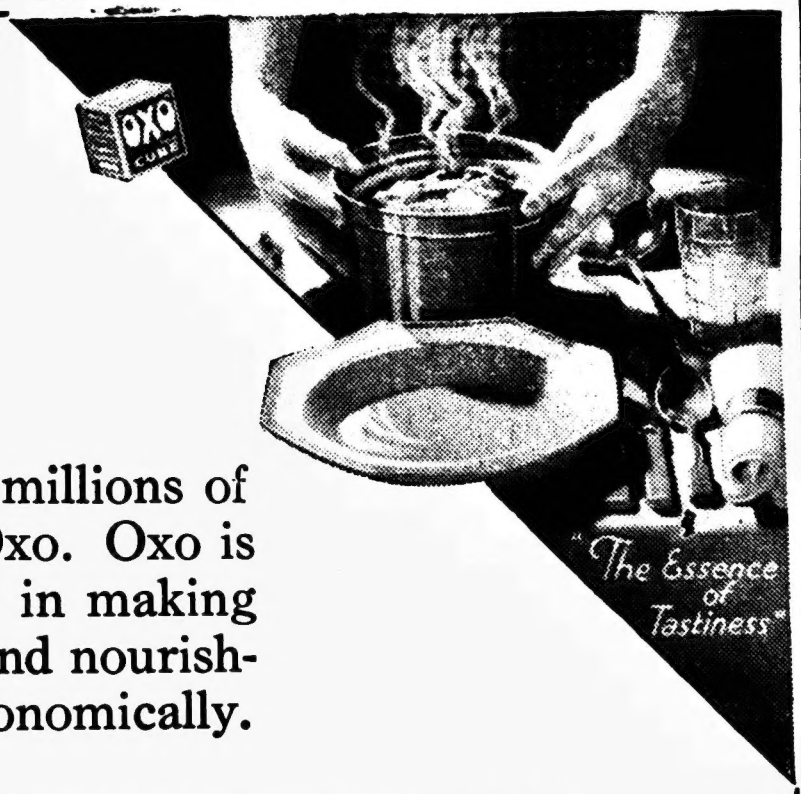
JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 23, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1497.

SINISTER SIRENS OF SOCIETY SEE PAGES 24 AND 25

JOHN BULL

OXO Supreme!



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Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes. 75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Embd. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Rock-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

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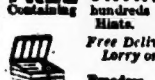

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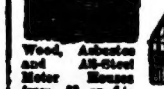

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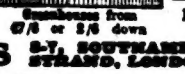

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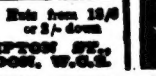

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BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAMES, PAT. SPRING SEATS, AND TURNED LEGS.

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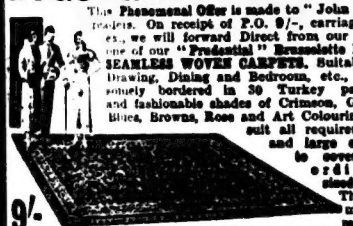

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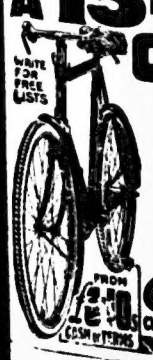

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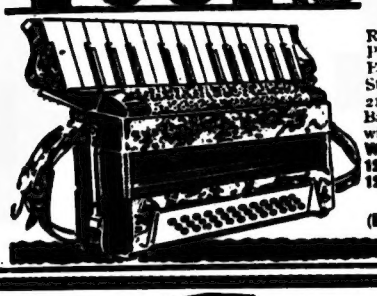

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21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit. Balance payable 5/- monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only.

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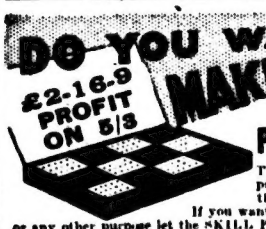

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This magnificently engraved watch is a flat Dress Model based on 1935 style. Huge purchase of Manufacturers' Entire Liquidation Stock enables us to offer this at **less than Government Duty Price.** Timed to minute a month. Warranted 10 yrs. Demi-Hunter Model 1/6 extra. Also limited number of Ladies' 18ct. designed, dainty Wristlet Watches with Expanding Bracelet, 9/6, post 6d. Value 37/6.

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FREE—

5-Pocket-to-Pocket Dress Chain, alternate links gold and silver plated.

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OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style. S. or D. Breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or Fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 20 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for free patterns, self-measure chart and latest fashions.

ALL BRITISH SUITS 19/6 TO MEASURE

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
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12 BRAND NEW 10" RECORDS 24 TUNES 2/6

ENTIRELY NEW! SET OF TUNES!

Undoubtedly the greatest offer ever made to the public. Enormous purchase of manufacturer's Bankrupt Stock alone makes such amazing value possible. All absolutely NEW. **Every record different.** Many famous bands included in the 24 full-length recent Dance Hits with vocal refrain and comedy numbers. Originally sold at 1/9 each now offered by us at 12 for 2/-. Post and Packing 6d. 24 tunes at 1d. each. Performance Rights Allowed. **Send 2/- and 6d. post NOW. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.**

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The New Continental PIANO-ACCORDION TONE HARMONICA

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JUST LIKE A PIANO ACCORDION

If you like the gorgeous tone of a fine piano accordion spend only 2/9 on this new Continental Harmonica—you'll be thrilled with the marvellous piano-accordion effects produced by the harp-shaped amplifying sound chamber. So easy to play—no different to an ordinary mouth organ. Entertain your friends with the latest tunes and dance music, and be popular. Get your friends to send for this wonderful new instrument, too, and form a band—it's great that piano accordion tone! **Price 2/9, post 3d., or two instruments 5/6 post free.**

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SPECIAL OFFER of NIGHT COMMODES

Armchair Commode, Polished Mahogany, Walnut or Oak, width inside 18 in., height of seat 17 in., 17 in. deep. Seat in Damask or Rexhide, with china Pan and Lid .. **45/6**

Box Commode, well made as above, 17in. x 18 in. x 18 in. **30/-**

Makes of Dining, Kitchen & Adjustable Bed Chairs. Carr. pd. Eng. & Wales. Scotland 2/6 extra, C.O.D. if desired. **Money refunded if not satisfied.** Call and see them made or send for latest Catalogue.

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Choose! Buy your Cycle at factory price or pay the shopkeeper his £1 profit. Latest improved all-British Cycle, superb finish, life-time guarantee. Works price only 59/9, or 1/6 weekly. Shop price £3/19/6. Every cycle rigidly tested & sent carr. paid on 7 days' free trial. Send for Free money-saving Illus. Catalogue showing a magnificent range of **Lightweights, Roadsters, and Sports Models, etc.,** all at direct-to-you prices. A p.c. will do.

MOORHOUSES,
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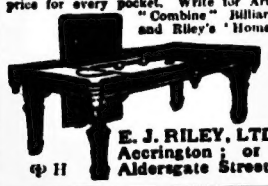
THE PERFECT COMBINE BILLIARD & DINING TABLE FOR SMALL HOMES

Entertain your friends to billiards—on the same table where you have dined. The Riley "Combine" makes this easy, in any home—small or large. There's a size for every room—a price for every pocket. Write for Art List of both Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables and Riley's 'Home' Billiard Tables.



WRITE TO-DAY FOR ART LIST.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington; or Dept. 15, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

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I offer the finest A.I.R. BRITISH Wireless Sets at bargain prices, including Battery and All Mains Receivers. Any Set sent **ON APPROVAL. PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID.** Write now for my beautifully Illustrated Art Catalogue.

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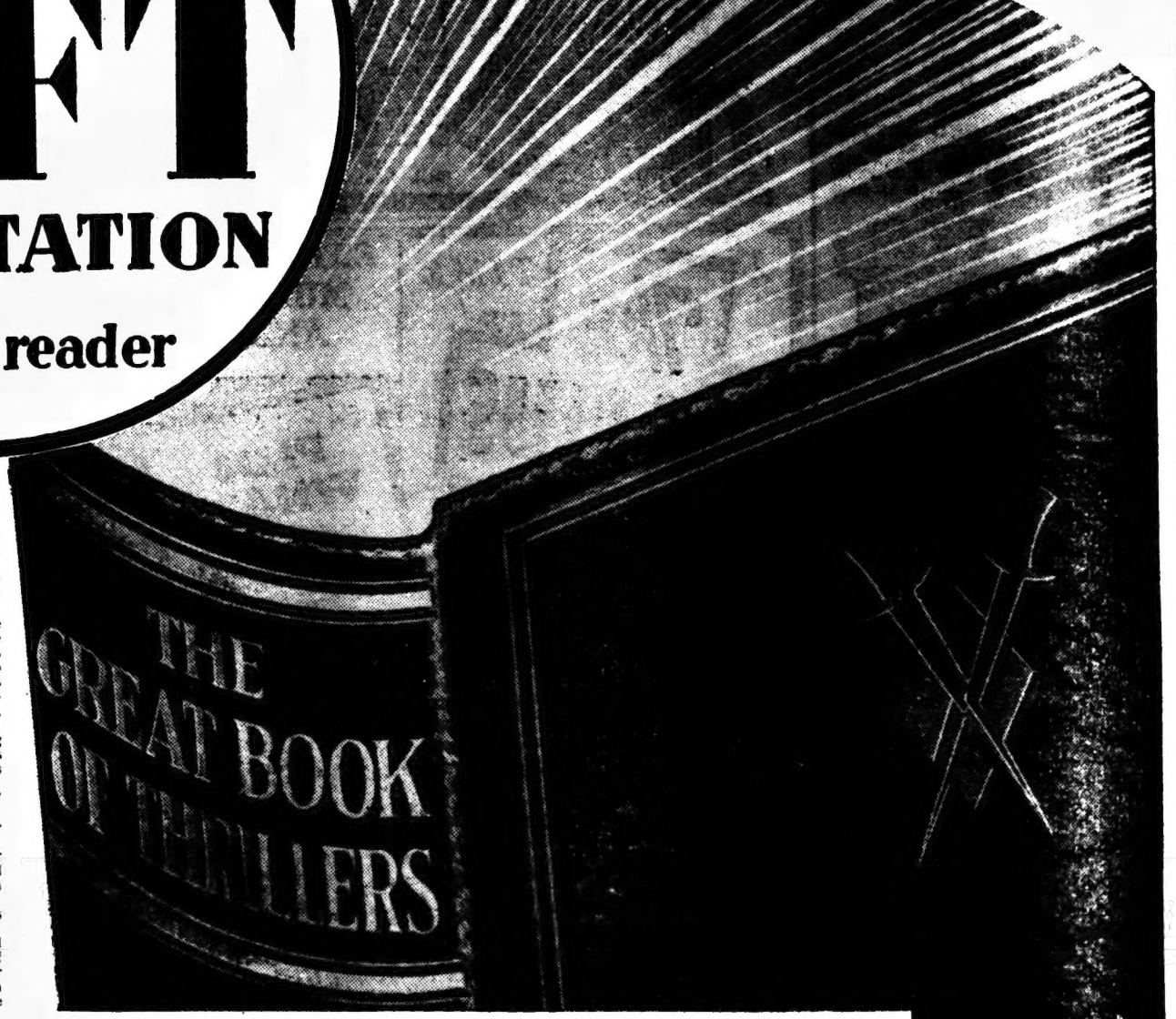


HOW TO QUALIFY FOR YOUR VOLUME

YOUR Reservation Form and Label which are on the opposite page MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify—Ordinary OR De Luxe—and will bring you an official Gift Certificate guaranteeing your volume.

It is a condition of this Gift Presentation that your newsagent holds a written order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull."

Below is your Gift Voucher. To qualify for your Volume cut out the token, Series "B," from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Do this with TWELVE consecutive issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Tokens eligible are the series "B." Applicants from this announcement may commence from No. "B97" in this issue. NO TOKENS PRIOR TO No. "B96" and NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Having collected TWELVE separate tokens from weekly issues of "John Bull," complete the Gift Voucher and "Books with Care" Label as requested.

Then post your Voucher and the "Books with Care" Label, together with the necessary Postal Order as specified on the Voucher to the address given. Follow carefully the directions given on the Voucher.

Upon receipt of your properly completed Gift Voucher and "Books with Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your volume, in the Edition specified, will be immediately dispatched to your home.

GENERAL NOTES.—After a completed Voucher is sent in, allow a few days for your volume to reach you.

No person may qualify for more than one volume and no volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Irish Free State. Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any entry duty chargeable.

IMPORTANT—Keep the Gift Voucher and "Books with Care" Label below very carefully and send them in when completed with your Twelve Tokens. Be sure to read the simple directions on the left.

CUT ALONG DOTTED RULE

B97 **IMPORTANT.** Here is an illustration showing a specimen Token similar to those you are asked to cut out from Twelve Separate Weekly Issues of "John Bull," and to affix to the spaces provided below. Tokens appear each week in the bottom LEFT corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Use gum or paste. NOT pins.

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12

"THE GREAT BOOK OF THRILLERS"
"JOHN BULL'S"

Gift Presentation Voucher

To: Gift Dept., "John Bull," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

I CERTIFY that the Twelve Tokens affixed to this Voucher have been cut from Twelve Separate Weekly issues of "John Bull," purchased from the Newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. I am NOT qualifying for another volume under this scheme. I enclose Postal Order for amount, as stated below, which includes carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc. Please send me my copy of "The Great Book of Thrillers" in Edition specified.

X **VERY IMPORTANT.**—Indicate below AT ONCE the Edition you require (ORDINARY or DE LUXE) as specified by you on your Reservation Form.

→ You MUST cross out Edition NOT required. ←

ORDINARY EDITION. 1/9 including cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION. 2/9 including cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc. X

No. of P.O.....Value (1/9 or 2/9).....DATE.....

Cross P.O. /& Co./. Make payable to "John Bull." Write your name and address on back of Postal Order. If you remit 1/9—send P.O. for 1/6 with 3d. in stamps firmly affixed—if you remit 2/9 send P.O. for 2/6 with 3d. in stamps firmly affixed. **DO NOT SEND LOOSE STAMPS.**

Your Signature.....
Write clearly below in Block Letters.

YOUR NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

Give your Newsagent's Name and Address below.

NEWSAGENT.....

ADDRESS.....

Fill in your name and full postal address on Label on the right and send in with this Voucher. WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

LEAVE BLANK Certified and Checked by .....
District Supervisor.

BOOKS WITH CARE
CARRIAGE PAID HOME

NAME.....

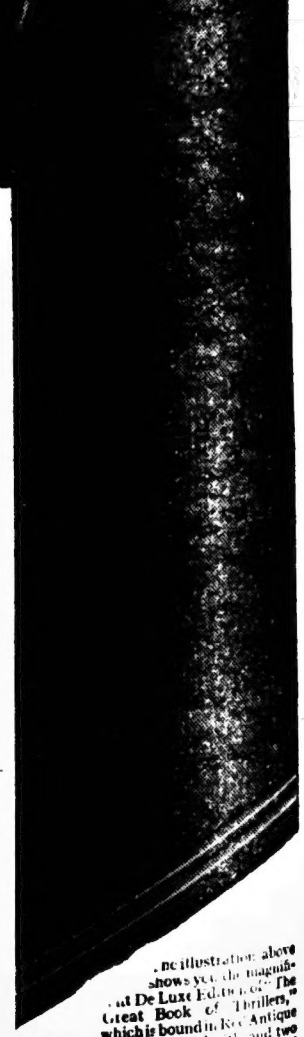
ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....

COUNTY.....

J.B.2 T

If undelivered please return to "John Bull," 46, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.



...ne illustration above shows you the magnificent De Luxe Edition of "The Great Book of Thrillers," which is bound in Red Antique Finished Art Leather, with title and two bands on the spine embossed in real 22-carat gold. The actual size of the volume is 8¼ in. deep by 6 in. wide.

BE TOO LATE!

for "THE GREAT BOOK OF THRILLERS"

S-E-N-S-A-T-I-O-N-A-L! NEW!—**Entirely different from any book ever before offered to "John Bull" readers.**—"The Great Book of Thrillers" promises to break all Presentation and publishing records! Everyone wants a copy of this finest of all mystery books. This week "John Bull" gives an urgent warning to readers who have not yet applied for this wonderful Gift Presentation Volume—and strongly advises them to APPLY AT ONCE OR IT MAY BE TOO LATE! The closing date of this Presentation is fixed as March 4th. But there is not a moment to lose to make certain that your name goes on "John Bull's" reservation list for this work. The demand is tremendous. Reserve your copy to-day by filling in and posting the Forms below.

"THE GREAT BOOK OF THRILLERS" OUT-THRILLS anything you've ever seen—F-O-R-T-Y amazing stories—Mystifying! Uncanny! Incredible!—by forty of the world's greatest writers of imaginative fiction.

On this occasion "John Bull" is departing entirely from the usual Presentation Terms.

All YOU SEND IS ONLY 1s. 9d., WHICH INCLUDES PACKING IN A SPECIAL CARTON, INSURANCE, ETC., AND CARRIAGE TO YOUR DOOR—The Book is practically a Gift! You send no money now—you simply reserve your volume at once on the forms below. What is more—"John Bull" places your Gift Voucher in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page. You are asked to do nothing other than qualify according to the simple directions on opposite page.

Here are enthralling mysteries, startling adventures, awesome experiences, cunning crimes and bewildering detection. You meet many of fiction's most famous and daring characters—including "Arsène Lupin," "Dr. Priestley," Edgar Wallace's "J. G. Reeder," "Inspector French," etc.

These powerful stories represent the very cream of thrillers—**including sensational scoops**—such as a startling new story by John Rhode, and four complete short novels.

THE BOOK is illustrated with portraits of the 40 authors—except A. J. Alan, whose identity is a mystery. It has a frontispiece and 16 full-page illustrations. There are 768 large pages, nearly 300,000 words, printed in large, easily readable type. Actual size 8½ in. deep by 6 in. wide.

Now Look at the **Great Authors** and the fascinating stories in this book. Names that are household words. Titles that speak for themselves. This book will draw you like a magnet.

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A. J. ALAN ..... *H2 etc.*
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MARJORIE BOWEN ..... *The Folding Doors*
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JEFFERY FARNOL..... *Black Coffee*
THEOPHILE GAUTIER ..... *The Dreamland Bride*
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WALTER DE LA MARE..... *Mr. Kempe*
SIR WALTER SCOTT ..... *The Tapestried Chamber*
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THE GREAT BOOK OF THRILLERS is being produced in two superb Editions—the **Ordinary Edition** is bound in Black, fine Morocco-grained Cloth, gold embossed on the spine and front. The **De Luxe Edition** is bound in rich, deep Red, Antique-Finished Art. Leather. The bands above and below the title and the title itself are embossed in **real 22-carat gold**, with further decorative bands embossed on the spine and there is an embossed design on the front. The volume has coloured dust-proof top edges. **A limited supply of this Edition is available for the nominal amount of 1/- extra for those who prefer a binding of unusual beauty and dignity.**

DO THIS NOW.

First fill in the Reservation Form and Label below. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify, and MUST be sent to us at once. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. BE SURE TO INDICATE WHICH EDITION YOU WANT RESERVED. You should also indicate the Edition you have chosen on the Gift Voucher on the opposite page.

On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label below, "John Bull" will send you its Official GIFT Certificate guaranteeing a copy of "The Great Book of Thrillers" on these Gift Presentation terms. At the same time, your volume will be put in hand to be printed and bound in the Edition you specify, ready for dispatch, carriage paid, immediately your completed Gift Voucher is received. **With your GIFT CERTIFICATE "John Bull" will also send you its Great Mystery Surprise . . . Here's a clue—U . . . . . C . . . ! but wait and see what the postman brings you.**

ON OPPOSITE PAGE is your Gift Voucher on which you start right away to qualify for your volume. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and affix to it 12 tokens (Series B) from 12 separate issues of "John Bull." Begin this week with Token No. B97, which you will find in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of this issue.

IMPORTANT. It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull."

CLOSING MARCH 4th

Hurry—the world's greatest book of mystery stories—the book of a thousand thrills—can be yours practically as a Gift. But there is not a moment to lose. Don't let this one further opportunity go—POST THE FORMS BELOW IMMEDIATELY.

HURRY! POST FORMS ON RIGHT NOW

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

POST AT ONCE

Send no money with this Form

"The Great Book of Thrillers" RESERVATION FORM

NOT AVAILABLE unless received by NOT later than FIRST POST MON., MARCH 4

N.B.—You must complete Label on right. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in with this Reservation Form—give **your** name and full postal address in Block Letters.

To Dept. (J.B.2), "John Bull," 3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I apply, in accordance with the simple conditions of your special offer, for "The Great Book of Thrillers" to be reserved in my name. The newsagent whose name and address are below for verification purposes, holds my written order for the regular supply of "John Bull." I certify I have not previously reserved one of these volumes. Please send me by return a special GIFT CERTIFICATE guaranteeing a Volume in my name. **N.B.—You MUST indicate below the Edition—Ordinary or De Luxe—which you wish reserved in your name.**

ORDINARY EDITION {You MUST cross out / Edition NOT required.} DE-LUXE EDITION

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

READER'S NAME .....
State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.
ADDRESS .....
.....
NAME OF NEWSAGENT.....
ADDRESS.....
DATE..... .....

LEAVE BLANK Checked. ..... District Supervisor.

IMPORTANT.—You may send this Form with Label on right in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. DO NOT enclose any cash or correspondence. "John Bull," 23 2 '35

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

J.B.2. T.

I guarantee a CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN IN 1 WEEK ...or you don't pay a penny

A great skin specialist has proved that any woman can now obtain a fresh clear skin, free from blackheads and all blemishes, by the daily use of predigested dairy cream and olive oil. These are now contained, together with nourishing tonic and astringent ingredients, in Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. It sinks down into the pores and removes the deep-seated grime and dirt that soap and water can never reach. Blackheads are dissolved away. Enlarged pores soon contract. The darkest, roughest skin in a few days becomes soft, white and smooth. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood makes face powder stay on twice as long; makes the powder spread so smoothly and evenly that it becomes practically invisible on the skin. Every woman is *guaranteed* a soft, clear skin and a complexion of fascinating girlish beauty in 7 days with Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood or money refunded.

Husky Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

HAD "THIS AWFUL COMPLAINT," NOW ENJOYS GOOD HEALTH!

Mrs. L. E. H., of Grimsby, writes: "From an early age I have been a sufferer from constipation. Three years ago I tried Feen-a-mint. From that time my bowels work regularly daily. Consequently, I now enjoy good health; *even rheumatism has left me.*" Banish constipation with Feen-a-mint — and you banish a host of other ills. Feen-a-mint ends once and for all biliousness, indigestion, and headaches, even rheumatism, because it keeps you clean and regular internally. Chew a Feen-a-mint, and in a few hours the system is cleaned of poisonous waste matter; constipation is banished, health such as you never knew before is yours! Make Feen-a-mint *your* guard against the dangers of constipation. Your money will be returned in full if you are not completely satisfied. From all chemists 1/3 a box, or for a *free sample* send 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. G.15), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.—(Advt.)

A GREAT new wave of burglaries is alarming the country.

A check of the criminal records reveals that there are more burglars and housebreakers now on the prowl that at any time during the past two years.

In the Herne Hill and Dulwich districts of London, for example, the raids were so continuous and numerous that thirty-five plain-clothes officers were detailed to watch thirty streets. In spite of their vigilance the raids continued. In Shirley, near Croydon, eight homes were raided in ten days.

In another suburban district *nearly half of the homes* have been visited by burglars in the past four years. One man has written to Scotland Yard complaining that since he bought a new house eight months ago, thieves had broken in on three occasions.

A glance at the latest statistics show how serious is the menace. In one year in London alone, no less than 13,215 burglaries and housebreakings occurred. The amount of property stolen reached the staggering sum of £1,244,100. Only £152,200 of this amount was recovered.

BETTER THAN BOLTS AND BARS.

What about *your* home? If burglars forced an entry could you look to "John Bull" for a generous cheque to cover the loss? "John Bull" pays up to £200 for loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking; up to £1,000 in case of death through violence. In addition JOHN BULL pays generous Benefits for Accidents in Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, for Children's Accidents and other every-day risks. Also, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm, Flood —the *only* paper to pay Sickness benefits—the *only* paper that adds a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

It is better to register for JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance than to trust altogether to bolts and bars —better a cheque in your hour of adversity than vain regrets.

Sign the Forms below *now.*

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefit.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 23/2/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/2/35

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT PEN OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

STOMACH SUFFERERS! AVOID SODA BICARB!

Doctors have known for a long time that bicarbonate of soda by itself isn't a good thing for indigestion. True, it often brings temporary relief, but it never cures, and it is bound quite soon to irritate the delicate lining of the stomach.

What the doctors advise everyone who suffers in the least from indigestion or any sort of stomach pains is to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the formula of which is used by Hospitals all over the country even for serious gastric and duodenal ulcers.

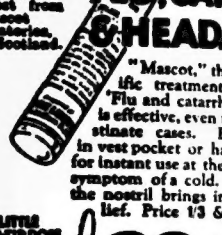
It is amazing how quickly Maclean Brand Stomach Powder brings you relief. With the very first dose the pain goes away and quite a short course will bring a lasting cure and a permanent end to your pain, no matter how long you have suffered or what else you have tried.

Only one thing you must watch. Be careful to get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence. Ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose but only in bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle.

THE VEST POCKET CURE for COLDS FLU, CATARRH & HEADACHE

A larger size in neat metal container 2/-

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or direct from Mascot Laboratories, Perth, Scotland.



"Mascot," the new scientific treatment for Colds, 'Flu and catarrhal infections is effective, even the most obstinate cases. Easily carried in vest pocket or handbag ready for instant use at the first sign or symptom of a cold. A touch on the nostril brings immediate relief. Price 1/3 & 2/-.

THE LITTLE FINGER-TIP DOSE

MASCOT 1/3

ONCE USED—ALWAYS CARRIED

WATCH WEAK CHILDREN GET STRONG NOW.

More Vitamins Than Cod Liver Oil in Tasteless Tablets.

At last you can give your children little sugar-coated tablets which will do them more good than Cod Liver Oil with its nasty fishy taste.

Clotabs, these tablets are called, and you can get them at any chemist's. Children take them as easily as sweets. They're made from Halibut Liver Oil and here are just one or two of the wonders Clotabs have worked. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. Another little boy at Newark who could not gain weight after Tubercular Peritonitis gained 3½ lbs. in 3 weeks, his appetite increased and he became "happy and vigorous." A man who was thoroughly run-down after "teeth trouble" found immediate improvement and gained at least 3 lbs.

You simply must try these wonderful new Clotabs. If they don't put on at least 3 lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month, you get your money back. From any chemist 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Maclean-Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE
5/2 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves "PLENET" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile, and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems Roadsters, Nearly Club Models
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD
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EVERY HOME needs a night commode. Usually expensive to buy, but now sold direct from makers at Wycombe. Note the special offer in the advt. of Direct Furniture Co. on page 3. —Write for the free catalogue and mention *John Bull*.

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FREE Booklet.—Makers of New World Gas Cookers offer every housewife and cook a free copy of the Radiation Cookery Book, which contains dozens of menus to choose from. Simply fill in the coupon on page 29 and be sure to address Radiation, Ltd. (Publications Dept., 54/5A), 164, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

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WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond St., London, W1.

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UNIQUE WATCH OFFER to *John Bull* readers. 7 days' Free Approval without a penny deposit to enable you to examine the exceptional value of the "University" Gent's Pocket Watch. Read the full offer in advt. of Messrs. Wm. Penn on page 3

INSURE YOUR DOG. — The Comprehensive policy for dogs—pedigree and otherwise—issued by THE CANINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, LTD., of 7, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3, covers Death by any Disease or Accident; Veterinary Surgeon's Fees; Loss of Theft expenses; Liability for Personal Injuries, Property Damage and Legal Costs; Forfeited Show Fees; Loss of Litters.—Write to-day for full details, sent gratis.

A PROFITABLE pastime, a pleasant game and enjoyment for all the family! Turn to the LEXICON announcement on page 20.

A WONDERFUL free gift booklet is issued by Rowntree's, which illustrates the many valuable gifts given away in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write at once to Dept. XD4, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, for your free copy. Many children's gifts appear in the booklet. See page 30.

FREE.—A choice of any three of the following "Harlene" gifts: (1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on back cover with 4d. stamp for postage for free samples and manual of instructions.

THE makers of Lingford's Baking Powder offer a Free Recipe Book on page 22.

EACH packet of KENSITAS contains a delicate flower embroidery. The embroideries are in themselves sufficient incentive to anyone to become a collector. Each floral panel is presented in a little case on which are given admirable cultural notes and a short history of that particular flower with many interesting legendary details and literary associations. Readers are thus offered three pleasures—the comfort of a soothing cigarette, the thrill of collecting flowers, and the joy of possessing an artistic and useful treasure.

HARLENE.—Accept this five Free Shave offer. Send the coupon in the Harlene Soapless Shaving Cream announcement on back cover. Enclose 3d. stamps to cover postage, etc., and you will receive by return a free tube of Harlene Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream, sufficient to give 5-day test, and also a free sample of Harlene Hair Cream.

IMPORTANT TO ALL READERS who shop by post. To obtain full protection of *John Bull's* Guarantee always mention *John Bull* when ordering, and note that all communications to advertisers when enclosed in an envelope require a 1½d. stamp.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent private'y for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

During Mr. Lyonel Rolmondeley's recent *bundobust*, in quest of the rare *nastibeeste*, a rhinoceros sprang from a glueberry-bush so suddenly that Mr. Rolmondeley's bearer, Wa Ta Nas, was seized with panic and offered his master two muskets, both unloaded.

Declining the proffered weapons and selecting a Kensitas instead, however, Mr. Rolmondeley stepped aside, allowing the onrushing pachyderm to stun itself against a bulbul tree, and throttled it with his bootlaces.

A wise move. Against rhinoceri, unloaded fowling-pieces are of no avail. A good cigarette, on the other hand, steadies the thoughts and gives an impression of nonchalance.

K.R.G. Browne

Kensitas

The clean Centre Leaves — these are the mildest leaves They Cost More

They're Mild...

They Satisfy...They Taste Better

They Taste Better

Kensitas are made only from the clean *centre* leaves of the finest Virginia tobaccos. These *centre* leaves alone can give Kensitas their smooth, mild, satisfying flavour. Try Kensitas and experience their *better taste*. Then you, too, will say "No thanks, I'd rather have a Kensitas."

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, February 23, 1935. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
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War's Worst SHAME:

The FORGOTTEN WARRIOR

THE Ministry of Pensions grows meaner year by year. It has reduced the amount paid out to war sufferers by a further £1,770,000. The past twelve months has proved a tragic chapter with economy for its theme.

Thousands of ex-Service men and their dependents have appealed to the Ministry in vain. In the first month of 1935, JOHN BULL received no fewer than six hundred letters from readers who suffer without hope or recognition.

The war slips farther and farther into the background. Too many people find it convenient to remember it only on Armistice Day. As memories become shorter, the heroes and their wives and families are too frequently forgotten.

Yet there are many thousands who, because of the blood bath that lasted from August in 1914 until November, 1918, will never regain complete health. There are tens of thousands who can never again know what it is to be happy.

Wounds, injuries, fevers and diseases arising from the war caused the death of thousands of men last year. In only a few cases could old age be said to have lent its aid. The figures are afforded by the Ministry of Pensions itself. In addition, there are the many civilians who became temporary soldiers, of whose existence and death the Ministry remains uninformed.

☆ ★ ☆

To-day, in public institutions scattered throughout the country, there are men, women and children whose poverty-stricken plight and ill-health is a direct heritage of the war.

We revealed the other day how a man who received a bayonet wound in his throat had to rely on public assistance for himself and his family. We have before us the history of a man who served nearly twenty years in His Majesty's Forces, and whose legs were amputated in a poor law hospital.

In the face of the opinions expressed by four separate doctors, he has been refused a pension!

The Ministry of Pensions has repeatedly taken shelter behind the ruling laid down in the War Pensions Act, 1931, that fresh applications made more than seven years after discharge are debarred from consideration.

In thousands of cases it evades taking advantage of the powers it possesses under the special regulations framed for dealing with belated applications.

In spite of the fact that it can interpret its regulations as it pleases, it fails to intervene in scores of deserving cases. Its policy is all too obviously one of cheeseparing economy.

Last year it reduced its staff by 300 persons. It affords hospital accommodation for 800 fewer than a year ago. It provides treatment for 3,000 less than it did in 1933. Its record for parsimony is complete.

A Bengal lancer wrote us the other day from a south coast town. He was a regular army officer. He was awarded the V.C. on the Somme in 1916. After the war was over, unfit for further service, he settled overseas.

But he was compelled to return on account of his health. He has a schoolboy son to support. He scorns charity, and has utterly failed to secure the disability pension that is his due.

When England was in danger, he, like the others, was promised that if he survived he should never want. The promises were shouted from the housetops. No agreements were signed. No contracts were entered into. The promises made were the sacred pledges made by a nation engaged in a battle for its very life. They were published with full official sanction and consent.

Yet this gallant officer is in dire need to-day. He is only one of the many officers and men whose applications have been refused by the Ministry of Pensions.

Another instance before us is that of a man who was employed in a solicitor's office in Liverpool, and who enlisted when he was sixteen. He served with the Royal Field Artillery, was in France in 1915, and later in Italy. Back on the Flanders front he was gassed at Merricourt during the March offensive in 1918.

When he came out of hospital the war was over. His employers offered him his old job. He was worried by a cough, but made light of it, married, and settled down.

He thought he was fit, but the cough got worse, and he went into a sanatorium. The doctors who attended him traced the tuberculosis from which he suffers to the poison gas he had inhaled. When he applied for a pension, he was visited by an official who saw the reports made by qualified medical men Yet, in spite of these certificates, a pension was denied him. His claim was disallowed. This man—he is still young—made an appeal against this decision, but he was refused a penny piece.

☆ ★ ☆

In due course the solicitor who employed him went out of practice, with the result that the ex-soldier lost his job. Following a spell of unemployment, he went back to the sanatorium. His wife was compelled to abandon the home he had gathered together. His child died. In the end this tragic victim and his wife went to live in a single apartment, where they are to-day. The Ministry of Pensions has finally turned his case down. He is just awaiting the end.

A Shropshire reader, employed in a Government department, passed a stiff medical examination in 1914, and subsequently went on active service overseas. Since the war his health has gone from bad to worse. He is so ill that the Government department which employs him will not establish him in the Civil Service. The Ministry of Pensions still declines to grant him a pension.

In Carnarvonshire there is a widow with a son seven years of age. She married a Territorial who served all through the war, and who was finally discharged with valvular disease of the heart. He was awarded a disability pension of 24s. a week. His wife nursed him, but eventually he died.

Remember that whilst the fighting was being done, that man, like millions of others, was promised that neither he nor his should ever want. Yet, because the marriage took place after his discharge, his wife and his son have not received a single shilling by way of pension of any kind.

The plight of children born of men who suffered is a problem which confronts every society and organisation catering for the welfare of ex-Servicemen.

It is all very well to say that these men who fought should never have had children. The problem has arisen.

To-day there are thousands of children who suffer inherited disabilities. But the Ministry of Pensions has so far declined to accept responsibility for them.

The records of both the British Legion and the United Services Fund reveal hundreds of examples of children who will suffer all their lives because of the hell their fathers endured in Flanders and in Gallipoli.

The Ministry of Pensions is enthroned upon a monument of statutes and regulations. It works mechanically by rule of thumb, forgetting that it was established to fulfil the sacred vows of the nation that those who fought and suffered should never want.

The war memorial we don't want is the Ministry with a heart of stone

Without FEAR or FAVOUR

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The New White Slavery Still Goes On

A Peer Talks Wage Tosh

More Income Tax Madness

Though she must trudge back home in despair, she is luckier than those stranded into slavery

MORE than a year ago we urged drastic measures to prevent unscrupulous persons from luring young girls from the Distressed Areas to London to work as domestic servants, though in many instances they are merely stranded into what has become the New White Slavery.

This appalling traffic still goes on.

That has just been revealed by Alderman W. N. Smith to education chiefs in hard-hit Durham, which is the very centre of the exodus. As he remarked, the old legend that London streets are paved with gold still exists. But many young women who hope to gather that gold are trapped into lives of shame.

Dreadful disillusion

There should be a closer supervision over transport companies which offer to bring girls to London at very cheap fares. It is no consolation to know that these concerns are also willing to take them back as cheaply.

Apart from the harm which may have befallen the girls before they are able to return, very often they find themselves absolutely penniless and must beg lifts from lorry-drivers or tramp the hundreds of miles to their homes.

They are the tragic new pilgrims of the Great North Road, the most distressed and disillusioned pilgrims that famous road has ever known.

And far worse is the plight of many of those who never go back.

Mere children

Some are mere children of fifteen and sixteen, most are under twenty-one.

Enticed to what are often nothing short of houses of ill-fame, on the pretext of being given work as servants, they may find it impossible to escape unless they can manage to find the funds to return home.

Seven girls were mentioned by Alderman Smith as having managed to get back to Durham in the last few months after terrible sufferings. How many have been stranded into slavery no one knows.

Significant words

We can reveal that most of the Slavers are foreigners, and that they endeavour, wherever possible, to obtain girls who have no relatives able to enquire into the nature of their employment.

One girl who, when questioned, admitted that she had no relatives or friends in London, was told she was "just the sort of girl we want."

Repeated warning

We are glad that committees have been set up in some areas to advise girls who wish to engage in domestic service away from their home neighbourhoods.

Unfortunately, many girls succumb to the blandishments of the Slavers and ignore these excellent welfare organisations.

To them we must repeat the warning we issued a year ago: No girl should accept the promise of a London job without consulting some authority.

Above all, we hope that official efforts will at last be made to stamp out this loathsome new form of White Slavery. What are our women M.P.s doing about it?

One step nearer

The committee that has been considering the appointment of Marriage Menders in magistrates' courts will submit its report to the Home Secretary in a few weeks' time. And that report is in favour of the proposal.

We hope Sir John Gilmour will put the plan into operation without delay. There has been far too much time wasted already—and every week wasted means another three hundred couples parted.

Silly subsidy

A shocking waste of public money is the £40,000,000 subsidy which has been paid to the beet sugar interests. Much of it has lined Dutch pockets, another big share has gone to enrich company promoters.

It has also hit our colonies which produce sugar-cane. So the sugar growers of Mauritius can't pay their way, and the Colonial Secretary is having to guarantee a £450,000 loan to them.

Isn't that a backhanded way of doing business?

Piffle from a peer

Equally fatuous is the declaration of Lord Monkswell that "the excessive wages paid to railway servants are the major cause of unemployment."

If he really believes that if they were put on starvation diet the rest of the community would become prosperous, then we believe that he himself should share the railwayman's lot. That would soon cure him.

Infamous hoax

We'd like to order a still leaner time for the cowardly perpetrator of a hoax that duped hundreds of unemployed men.

Answering an advertisement in a London newspaper for a clerk, they discovered that the job was non-existent. Many had tramped miles, others had spent their last pennies on fares.

One of our readers who was among the victims thinks the hoaxer needs disinfecting. We think a better penalty would be a few years of unemployment.

Law's long arm

A penalty we think rather harsh is the three months' hard labour meted out to Charles Ross, of Liverpool.

Brought to London on an eight months' old charge of loitering, it was not disputed that though he had jumped his bail at the time he had since been living honestly and had just set up a business for himself in Liverpool.

The West London magistrate seems to have lost a chance of proving that the Bench's function is to reform rather than punish. And Charles Ross, in his prison cell, must be reflecting bitterly on the failure of his journey along the road which is called straight.

Moving the limpets

But we shall not worry if there's some heartburning among certain folk in Gainsborough, Lincs. Comfortably situated couples there, who have no children but occupy five-roomed council houses, are being turned out, as well as former occupants of thousand-pound villas who had wangled themselves to the top of long waiting lists of less fortunate people.

In their places poor families are being accommodated—a policy we have long advocated.

Fair deal for nurses

We also welcome the good example of Leicester City Mental Hospital in reducing nurses' hours to forty-eight a week, and we should like to see it followed by other institutions.

Many nurses are working seventy hours a week. And even in their leisure time they have to submit to rigid disciplinary rules which no other body of workers would tolerate.

On their dignity

But some of our civic heads appear to be more interested in inflating their dignity.

Thus, the town clerk of Swindon declares his mayor and mayoress were "deliberately affronted and insulted" because the Prime Minister was given precedence over them at a local dinner.

Yes, and the town was affronted as well!

We hope and believe he is affronting the townspeople by suggesting that they were affronted.

Purple and fine linen

And Leamington's aldermen and councillors are spending nearly £200 in buying themselves robes of scarlet and blue and gorgeous Court hats.

It is true that one member of the council protested against this way of spending the ratepayers' money while more than a thousand men were attending the local employment exchange. But his argument was ignored.

To his colleagues it's finery that makes the man.

A dead village

By way of grim contrast, let us tell you about Eaton Pit, a mining village in Durham. Of its population of 150, only four are in work!

Three years ago the mine there was closed, and since then the place has been almost dead. Now generous people in Bedford are going to see what can be done for those unhappy villagers, and we sincerely hope that the depression over Eaton will soon be lifted.

Rat Island

Near Barking is an estate known as "Rat Island," owing to the army of rats and other vermin which infest the neighbourhood. A large part of the main road, Alfred's Way, has not been made up, though seven years have elapsed since the first houses were erected.

In wet weather it resembles a lake of mud and water, half a mile long. More than a hundred road deaths have taken place there in the seven years, and though it has been condemned on many occasions by coroners, there is still no sign of improvement.

Town of horror

Pedestrians have to wade ankle-deep in mud; from a near-by ditch come swarms of mosquitos and flies in summer, rats in all seasons.

Local doctors consider these conditions responsible for the high rate of sickness on the estate, but the authorities don't worry. Perhaps they like to see the undertakers kept busy.

Mad and bad

Now for the maddest income tax story we've ever heard.

A father has been refused the usual allowance in respect of his little son because the penny interest allowed on the child's tiny savings in the Post Office savings bank has made the infant's £50 annuity into an income of "more than £50."

It is bad enough as a punishment for thrift. But we could think of far worse things to say about it.

Discretion is best

Kilmarnock's sheriff is the latest to utter hard words about mothers- and fathers-in-law. We agree with him that young married couples should be left to work out their own salvation: now, as always, a lot of domestic bother is caused by relatives' well-meaning but ill-advised interference.

Which is curious, since the latter probably suffered the same infliction in their younger days.

Amusing the jury

During the trial of a Liverpool doctor for performing an illegal operation the jury were entertained each night. On the final night they saw a film depicting "the illicit loves and dark secrets of the world's most notorious courtesan."

We don't suppose their verdict was influenced by the film, but the dangers are obvious enough, and we hope a little more discretion will be shown in future murder trials.

Insult to Empire

And we hope we shall hear of no more insults to coloured folk. Though the London hotel that at first refused to accommodate an Indian table-tennis team has changed its mind, the refusal will rankle for a long time.

People who wouldn't rather sit in a lounge with Indian sportsmen than certain white people we know are not so much snobbish as crazy.

Imperfect peace

Peacehaven is not always peaceful. The other day a bungalow caught fire in this town of bungalows and two women and a baby nearly lost their lives.

Yet no fire brigades attended, for those of Brighton and Newhaven have no agreement with the local council.

We fancy that if the Peacehaven residents kicked the council pretty hard an agreement would be reached very speedily.

Penalised for marriage

A strange experience has befallen Mr. Norman Lindsay, until lately superintendent of the Scottish Naval and Military Veterans' residence at Broughty Ferry.

"He has the complete confidence of my council," the chairman reported, yet when Mr. Lindsay made it known that he was getting married he was dismissed!

We say the council owes Mr. Lindsay a public explanation.

The Fragrant Minute

"CARRIED THE LAMP"

HE "carried the lamp," his whole service through. And that, you'll agree, is a grand thing to do. To "carry the lamp" from year unto year, is a record, I think, well worth a loud cheer.

It's a term that is used by the men in the Force. I didn't know once, I now do, of course! When a man's entire work is done on the street, he has "carried the lamp" says the Force, on his beat.

To carry a lamp! Yes, you sir, and I, whate'er be our work, is well worth a try. Whenever I see a policeman these days, I'll think of his lamp and copy his ways. I'll carry a lamp, bring light to a friend, up hill and down dale until the road's end.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

By Lord STRABOLGI . .

DEBT BLACKMAIL:

A Vicious Practice that must STOP

The employer is told of his employee's debt, with the threat of court proceedings—this is the pistol held to the debtor's head

WE hear much just now about making the lot of the honest debtor easier. But there is one aspect of the problem that seems to have escaped notice and condemnation. That is a cruel and vicious practice, now being increasingly employed by debt collectors, which amounts to nothing less than legalised blackmail of those who cannot meet their obligations.

Up and down the country I hear of cases where the law, or the threat of the law, is actually twisted in such a way as to allow the most unfair pressure to be brought to bear on the victims.

Suppose the head of a family, through illness or other misfortune beyond his control, gets into debt and a summons is taken out against him. The mischief then begins.

If the case came before the courts in the ordinary way the judge would hear all the circumstances and would be sure to take genuine misfortune into account. This the debt collectors, who are sometimes quite distinct from the original creditor, know full well. So they threaten to tell the man's employer. In a good many cases if this fails they make good their threat.

☆ ★ ☆

I have an actual case before me of what happened recently in Middlesex. I leave out the names of the persons for obvious reasons. The first threat having failed, the creditor firm wrote to the man's employer in the following terms:

"We are about to issue a summons against . . . and he is reported to be in your employment as a labourer. As it would facilitate the enquiry if the judge could have a correct information as to the defendant's earnings, perhaps you will kindly furnish us with an account of his wages for the last six weeks ending February 2, 1935, as stated below. We hope that you will appreciate the fact that it is to the interest of the defendant that the judge should have a statement from you instead of having to depend upon much less reliable evidence, otherwise an order may be made which the defendant would not be able to pay. We enclose stamped addressed envelope, and would appreciate your early reply. We also enclose 6d. search fee."

In this particular case the employer refused to give the information, and added:

"I am bound to say that I cannot think that it is a justifiable thing for you to communicate with a man's employer, telling him that you are about to proceed against him in this way. Therefore, I am returning to you herewith the sixpence in stamps you send me in payment of what you describe as a search fee."

In law, no employer is bound to furnish particulars of the wages received by his colleagues or workpeople for such purposes as debt collecting.

No judge would suggest such a communication to the employer of a debtor. The whole business was a despicable piece of bluff.

But in a good many cases employers receiving a letter like this, especially if the man concerned is in a position of trust, put the worst possible construction upon it; and instead of acting as this particular employer did, they give the poor unfortunate debtor the sack.

I have cited one case—and a great many others have been brought to my notice. Imagine the effect on a working-man, worried already by his inability to pay, trying to keep up his courage to carry on with his work and get out of debt as soon as possible.

☆ ★ ☆

To sell up his home is bad enough, but to be deprived of his means of livelihood, his one hope of making good, drives many a man to despair and sometimes to suicide, as the coroners' inquests constantly bear witness. The poor debtor is trapped, ruined—and there is no escape for him.

I have known actual cases of terrible and unnecessary suffering caused by throwing a debtor out of his job on to the labour market, where the best that can befall him is that he becomes a public charge and is kept by the State. It is difficult for any human being ever to recover from such a blow.

I know of one case of a moneylender who got a man into his clutches by making him an original loan of £25. The man's wife and one of his children had been seriously ill, and, in desperation, he allowed himself to be saddled with this moneylender's debt. With interest and "charges" the debt presently grew to £48. Then the blackmailing started.

The moneylender employed a firm of not too scrupulous solicitors. After the usual threats, they informed the man's employer, and he lost his job. That was two years ago. The unfortunate debtor has had his home sold up, he is receiving help from the Public Assistance Committee and is now a charge on the State. What is to become of him?

I know of another case of a man who, faced with this threat of telling his employer, and feeling sure it would result in his dismissal, deserted his wife and family and went to another part of the country.

Kind-hearted persons who knew the circumstances then went to the employer and told him the whole story, including the blackmailing threats that had been made.

In this case the employer, a broadminded and good man, had the unfortunate debtor informed that he would not have been dismissed, and took him on again in his service. He was restored to his family, and his wife gladly forgave him. That case had a happy ending—but what unnecessary suffering and mental anguish the man and his wife both suffered!

I am afraid that employers such as this one are the exception rather than the rule. A busy man, taking not too human a view of his duties, not wishing to be bothered with appearing as a witness or supplying certificates regarding wages, and knowing that there are plenty of men ready to fill the place of the debtor, is all too likely to dismiss the man from his service.

When I was a serving officer at sea in the Royal Navy we frequently had cases of creditors writing to us with reference to debts owed by sailors, asking that we should give information about their wages and suggesting we should bring pressure to bear on the sailor to pay up, or even in some cases proposing that we should stop the debt out of his pay.

Our course was quite clear and we always followed it. The Admiralty had laid it down that the organisation of the Royal Navy was not for debt-collecting purposes. We always refused all information. The Army does the same, and so does the Ministry of Pensions when enquiries are made regarding ex-Servicemen known to be in receipt of allowances.

Surely private employers could take the same firm stand. An employer might feel uncomfortable in the knowledge that a clerk acting as cashier was in debt; but a heart-to-heart talk between the man and his boss would, in almost every case, clear up the difficulty.

Good often comes out of what appears to be evil; and if a man unwisely gets into debt, but has the courage to face his boss and tell him the truth, and is received with sympathy and practical help instead of the sack, he will learn a lesson that will last him all his life.

There are other tricks of the debt collector. One is the harrying of small debtors with blue and other coloured documents drawn up to look like official papers, and actually bearing imprints of the Royal Arms. These documents are deliberately made up in a form to make them look like court summonses, and are usually terrifying to the recipients. The use of these forms should be made definitely illegal.

☆ ★ ☆

Another practice which should be stopped is that of certain solicitors who try to pull strings to have the judgment made against a creditor for him to pay in instalments so that they can keep a whip hand over him. If a lump sum is imposed, a debtor usually has the choice of going to prison in default of payment. The leeches know this and prefer to hold the threat of imprisonment over the debtor if he doesn't keep up his instalments.

Another growing form of extortion employed by certain lawyers is to obtain a county court summons on a small debtor, then to serve what purports to be a garnishee upon the man's employer, which means that he is expected to hold back the debtor's wages until the case comes on for hearing. It is very doubtful if this practice is legal.

The truth is, unfortunately, that the law originally intended for the protection of the poorer section of the community is now being exploited and twisted in a manner that weighs the scales heavily against the poor debtor. The balance must be readjusted without delay.

The unscrupulous use of obsolete legal machinery must be stopped; and though this is a problem bristling with difficulties, I do not believe it is beyond the wit of man to find a remedy for a very grave evil.

JOHN BULL Readers expose the Great Housing Confidence Trick . .

AND now for the Jerry-Diddler! For if there is one thing that stands out in the countless letters from readers that have poured into this office, following our exposure of the jerry builder's nation-wide racket, it is that his methods of selling are as bad as his new houses.

False specifications, false descriptions and broken guarantees are supposedly serious matters in any trade or business, but our own investigations and our readers' experiences show that the jerry-builder gets away with such trifles with impunity.

Indeed, these letters from our readers, full of tales of exploitation of "confidence trickery," of mean lies and of tortuous financial "wangling," provide a more formidable indictment against the jerry-builder, and the system that permits him to flourish, than anything else.

Help refused

The worth of plans and promises with certain types of builders is clearly exemplified in a letter from a victim in the North.

He bought a two-bedroom bungalow for nearly £600, paying £25 down. Plans showed that there was a passage-way to be preserved right round the bungalow and adjoining plots. Furthermore, the builder agreed to make good certain structural defects within a day or so of our reader moving in.

Three weeks later he discovered that the passage-way had been absorbed into the ground of a next-door bungalow. The building society refused to help him with his protests to the builder, saying that they were "satisfied with the place as it stood." Eventually, the utmost he obtained was permission to enter his neighbour's territory, but only if he required to make outside repairs to his own bungalow!

He knew!

The repairs and replacements guaranteed by the builder were never done and the bungalow began to crack and come to pieces. After a long search he found the builder and reminded him of his promises. That gentleman admitted that he "knew the place was wrong when he sold it, but *that* was all the fault of the—British workman!"

He then calmly told our reader, "But you bought the place with your eyes open, the building society's surveyor passed it with his eyes open, and you can take the matter to court if you like. But you can do nothing, nor can the society."

He then appealed to the society concerned, and after much delay they sent their surveyor, who naïvely confessed that "when he had passed the place he had never thought of the walls being wrong." He admitted that "he had never seen a place so bad and that they must make the builder listen to reason."

The upshot was that after much further delay the society wrote saying that the builder promised to erect another bungalow for our reader in six months' time. That period has long gone by and there is no sign of the new bungalow.

Meanwhile our reader has been paying 21s. a week, and rates, to camp out—with most of his furniture in one room. He gave up his holidays to cope with small repairs, stopping leaks and cracks, etc., to make the bungalow habitable.

The society tells him that unless he keeps up his payments they cannot help him to make the builder keep his promises—but at the same time they cannot tell him where the builder is.

The spider—Jerry the Diddler—waits till his client signs on the dotted line, and then—he is trapped in the web!

And until the new bungalow materialises this is how this house-owner is living: "The many huge cracks let damp and water through to beds and clothes, furniture is green and mildewed, floors wet. Floor tiles in the hall and larder have sunk; if it is windy the kitchen is smoked out, and there is a continual vile smell there because the overflow has never worked.

Lavish promises

"The postman has never seen our face because the front door won't open. Letters have to be pushed under the door. One morning my wife had to call our son to push the bedroom door open as she was trapped inside—now open it has to stay."

A complaint from a Kentish victim sheds additional light on the land-grabbing activities of certain types of builder and shows again how much reliance can be placed on plans. This man, basing his purchase on plans exhibited in the estate offices and published to all and sundry, bought a corner plot on a developing estate. The plans showed a wide passage extending through the centre of the estate.

But the builder who took up the rest of the land has ignored that. All the houses are now built "back-to-back" and nobody has a back entrance. This is the old slum procedure and the very thing which the borough surveyor tried to prevent. But, apparently, when it came down to practice he had no say in the matter.

Now, neighbours must burn their rubbish at the ends of their gardens, burning our reader's hedge and fences in the process—or they must carry it out of their front doors. He can get no redress against the estate, and his purchase, in which he had sunk all his savings, has, of course, much depreciated in value.

"My solicitors," he says, "now tell me that estate vendors need not adhere either closely or even remotely to any published plan! What would be said if a manufacturer submitted plans of anything and then, after getting the order, left out the essential parts? But in building it can apparently be 'legally' done."

A common device of the jerry-builder is to make lavish promises and guarantees to "put things right" and to provide this and that fitment—*after the deposit is put down*. A Leeds victim found himself faced with a bill for most of these extras as soon as he got in the house. He found, too, that expensive and important fitments like cupboard ranges were of much cheaper and shoddier material than those in the "show house."

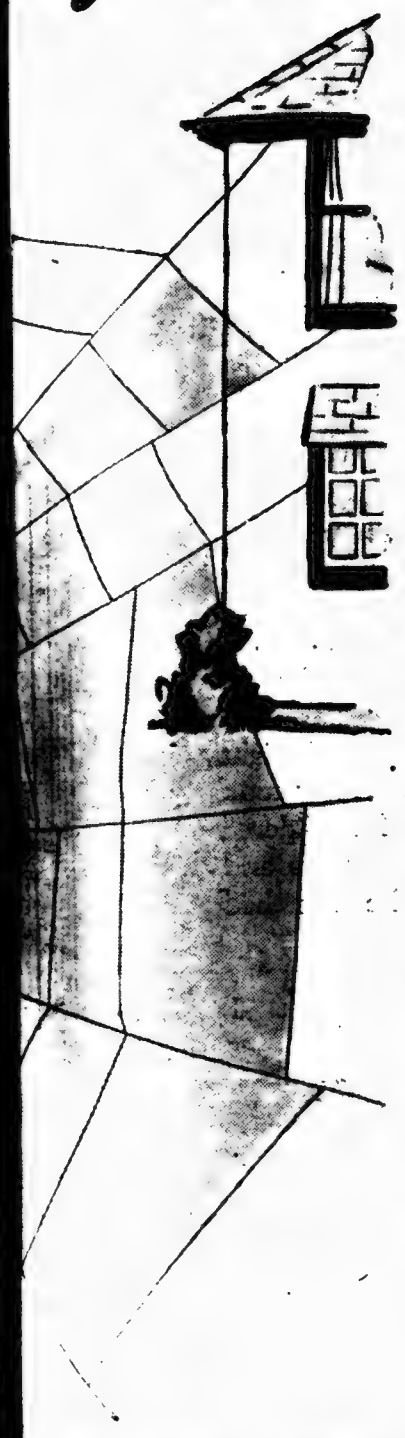
None of the promised repairs have been done and three months after going in the house has begun to fall to pieces. "The floors upstairs have corrugated owing to the boards warping; so-called fire-bricks burnt out in a few weeks; all woodwork has cracked and the house requires inside painting already.

Still waiting

"Outside, the brickwork is out of true and the concrete paths have broken and sunk to a depth of eighteen inches, and I am in constant fear that someone will have a nasty accident."

A builder and architect writes to us, and among many informative points he gives us on jerry-builders' methods he mentions that "a 'show house' is invariably built and specifications printed and distributed, but a building inspector has power to enforce these specifications. Many people think that because

by the JERRY DIDDLER



some of the bedrooms were a few square inches of glass as big as shaving mirrors instead of the full length size displayed in the 'show house.'

"I have now been in over a year and I am still waiting for the kitchen equipment, the cabinets, easy sink and patent coal bunkers of the 'show house' which induced me to take this place. I know now that I shall never get them, because the builder has vanished after ignoring all letters. Nor shall I get any of the countless repairs done although the builder guaranteed to give service for a year after occupation. The building society has merely told me bluntly that it is my own look-out."

A long list

A Yorkshire victim paid over £1,100 for her property after viewing a "show house," a sufficient sum, one would think, to ensure honest workmanship and materials. Also the builder guaranteed to erect to the owner's complete satisfaction. Her detailed list of what is missing from the specifications on which she bought, and the various grave defects in her house, run to four closely written pages. *Among repairs recently executed out of her own pocket are over* 1,000 *new tiles for the roof!*

Repairs have constantly gone on from the moment she took possession. All these she has had to pay for as well as for the various labour-saving "gadgets" of the "show house" which were supposed to be included in the price she paid.

Other readers in Surrey, Cheshire, Durham, Suffolk and a dozen other counties have sent us brochures and other printed descriptions on the basis of which they have bought their houses. They have also told us how the promises and specifications contained therein have been adhered to.

Extras now

Here is a letter which is a fair sample of the lot. "My house was priced £600. Deposit was £50, which I paid. After I had been in the house three months I was informed that there was a second mortgage as the building society had refused to advance the sum on the house that the builder had expected. This 'difference' I am expected to make up at the rate of 5s. a week for several years, and this in addition to repayments on the first mortgage, which comes to 27s. with rates. So all my budget is thrown out. Furthermore, brochure and 'show house' displayed electric fires. But they have cost me £8 as an 'extra.' A path is shown in the brochure extending across the bay window—£2 for that.

"All the special bathroom fitments and the labour-saving devices in the kitchen which so pleased my wife when we saw them in the 'show house' were also extras. I have already spent (savings and borrowed money) over £100 to get into this house, which the builder assured me I could get in for £50. On top of that I will now have winter repair bills about which the builder will do nothing. I earn £3 10s. a week."

Many dodges

The financial wangling adopted by certain types of jerry-builders in order to rush sales of houses are endless. They include such matters as second and subsequent mortgages, "premium advances," and other dodges of which the buyer is often totally unaware when he takes the house. We can do very little for the many who have already been "caught" in this way, but to all other intending house purchasers we suggest that they get a clear written undertaking from the builder, vouched for by the building society, of the number and amount of mortgages *before they go into the house*. In short, they should have it clearly laid down as to what their total commitments are.

With regard to any guarantees made by the builder as to workmanship, structural quality or "gadgets," buyers should carefully consider with whom this guarantee is made A dodge of some builders is to give a guarantee backed by their limited liability company and not by themselves or their directors.

While the company exists the purchaser may have some little claim, but to overcome claims in this respect, this is what sometimes happens. A separate company is formed for each estate, thus: Jeribild (Meadowland), Ltd., Jeribild (Orchardland), Ltd., Jeribild (Greenland), Ltd., and so on. Each company gives a guarantee perhaps for each particular estate, but when the estate is completed the company is voluntarily wound up, pays 20s. in the £1, and then the guarantees are worthless.

To sum up, then, here are three points of advice which JOHN BULL gives to its readers who are future house buyers.

(1) Get an independent "vetting" of the house by an outside architect or surveyor before the deposit and agreement is irrevocably signed away, and compare his valuation with the builder's.

(2) Get a written undertaking as to the total of your mortgage commitments.

Outwit him!

(3) Get a written service guarantee against structural defects for a reasonable period. You would demand that if you bought a car. Why not when you are buying a house in which you will have to live for twenty years? And—above all—note carefully that the guarantee is sufficiently backed to give it some permanence for the period that it runs.

Those are three golden rules with which any of our readers can avoid the experiences and the tragedies we have described in this and previous articles. By observing them each and all can outwit the "jerry-diddler."

the local authority passes the original plans and an inspector visits the job to see that by-laws are not evaded, that everything will be all right.

"That is just where they make their great mistake—simply because there is a strong line of demarcation between the powers of a building inspector and a clerk of the works. Houses built by private enterprise do not employ a clerk of the works."

How much reliance can be placed on the "show house" displayed by some builders can be gathered from some scores of letters before us which describe how these readers have been "diddled" on a wholesale scale.

An Essex victim bought a house for £700, ordering her property after viewing the "show house" with the builder, who assured her that her new house would be an exact replica.

After waiting eight months (the builder broke his delivery dates three times in that period, but our reader had already paid a substantial deposit and had to wait with her furniture in store) she at last moved in. "I found that the mirror doors of the bathroom and

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Are You a Traitor?

THE most amazing thing about the human being is its adaptability. Life can hand out the most amazing socks on the jaw, and all the human being does is to pick himself up, shrug his shoulders and say: "O well! If that's the idea I'll behave differently in future. I don't want any more of those!"

And the amazing thing is that he does behave differently in future. He just adapts himself to changed and changing circumstances and carries on happily.

This power of adaptation is the hallmark of man, the distinguishing trait that puts him at the head of the teeming varieties of living things that make up the Universe. For it is due to intelligent behaviour—and no creature except man is genuinely intelligent.

It is because mankind is intelligent that mankind always progresses. It is because he can think and reason and plan that he has conquered the animal kingdom, conquered the sea and air, and wrested many secrets from Nature herself.

And what follows? Simply that if you don't think and reason and plan—if you who are reading this don't do it—then you are a traitor to your kind, a useless load that the rest of your fellows have to carry along with them in their struggles for advancement.

But don't make the mistake of imagining that all thinking is reasoning. You can't help thinking—but it is not everyone who can think in a controlled manner, think along connected lines, think coherently and coldly and with a view to analysing facts and finding out what they are all about.

"What a piece of work is man!" said Hamlet. "How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!" How true—but how true also that the majority of men are not much better than pumpkins!

The greatest tragedy of the human race is that we can all do the things that make man "a noble piece of work," but that so few of us will.

But there is one very inspiring fact about man—it is never too late for him to begin to be a man.

You can start practising to-day!

SORE THROAT?

Read the plain, straightforward Musterole guarantee:

Ease in five minutes, and usually complete relief in five hours.

Simply rub on this clean, stainless ointment before you go to bed. Whilst you sleep its "deep healing" warmth is at work, loosening the congestion, soothing and healing! It never fails. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6, but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If after first few applications you are not completely satisfied, return what is left to Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, and your money will be refunded.

"It is the first preparation to effectively stop and cure a cold and sore throat that I have found."—Says a Dartford, Kent, user.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

'You Are Old, Father William'

The Young Dog Said

"Yet your spirits are still very high,
Your coat is so good
and your blood is so pure,
Oh! sir, will you please tell me why?"

"My boy," said Father William,
"My master always gives me Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. That's why I'm still as full of energy as you are. That's why my coat is the envy of all, that's why my health is sound, my appetite so good."

Give YOUR Dog, old or young, Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. They are the finest doggie tonic in the World. They will keep him happy and healthy. They will purify his blood. They will renew his vitality when he is listless and sharpen up his appetite when he is off his food. And by keeping him FIT they will help lengthen his life. Give him a regular course every week.

SHERLEY'S

TONIC & CONDITION POWDERS

In 3 strengths for small, medium and large dogs. 6d. per packet of 9 Powders, 1/3 per packet of 24 Powders. From Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants.

A. F. Sherley & Co., Ltd., 18, Marshalsea Rd., London, S.E.1.

Conclusive EVIDENCE

Counsel: Will you tell his Lordship what effect the accident has had upon Tony?

Witness: Tony never went to sleep until well after midnight unless he had sleeping draughts . . . and Tony took these regularly through last Winter. As I considered these harmful I stopped the sleeping draughts and put him on 'Ovaltine' instead, and he has had 'Ovaltine' ever since.

Judge: What was it you gave him?

Witness: 'Ovaltine.'

Judge: And did it answer the purpose equally well?

Witness: Yes, my Lord, it did.

Judge: When Tony fell asleep was it a restless or a sound sleep?

Witness: A very deep sleep, my Lord.

* * * *

THE foregoing is an extract from evidence actually given in a recent High Court Case. In bringing this to the attention of the proprietors of 'Ovaltine,' the writer adds:

"My son was unfortunately injured in an accident in 1933, receiving amongst other injuries a fractured skull. Throughout the whole of last winter he could not get to sleep without sleeping draughts.

"In the subsequent action in the High Court, my wife stated that 'Ovaltine' answered the purpose just as well as sleeping draughts. This testimony to the sleep-inducing properties of 'Ovaltine' was given, of course, on Oath; and it is unnecessary on my part to add anything to it."

The facts above, which speak for themselves, demonstrate the great value of 'Ovaltine.' Remember that for health all day and for sound sleep all night, there is nothing to equal 'Ovaltine.' There is only *one* 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

P 11

Won't the MONKEYS Applaud You!

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir AMBROSE FLEMING

DEAR SIR AMBROSE,—Multitudes of beings will thank you for your speech, made to the Victoria Institute, one in which, challenging a theory of evolution, declaring that it was not established as a scientific truth, you protested against the idea that the human race arose from "a tangle of monkeys a million or more years ago."

"When they see in widely circulated journals pictures of an ugly chimpanzee labelled 'Man's Cousin,'" you declared, "the inference many people, young and old, draw from this is that any statements about the creation of man in the image of God are mere fables or, at most, parables."

But as I see it, the beings who will applaud your speech are chiefly the monkeys in the Zoo. They, wholeheartedly and with a chattering unanimity, will welcome the fact that a man of science has dissociated them from the human beings who, during the last twenty years, have murdered 10,000,000 of each other in battle and then broken all their solemn pledges to mankind.

"Some like to look for their ancestors in the Garden of Eden," you declared. "Others are content to look for them in the Zoological Gardens."

* * *

I do not know where the Garden of Eden is, but if the murders and the muddles of Man during and since the war have been among its fruits, I am sure that it, too, would like to disclaim responsibility.

As for the people who look for their ancestors in the Zoo, well it is the monkeys who mind most.

Man, indeed, is in a sorry plight. The animals know better than him. They do not keep from one another food which they themselves do not want. Nor do they deny to those who can find nothing to do a share in the fruits of the trees all around them.

But, quite frankly, does it matter to anybody—except the monkeys—whether we are related to them or not? We are related to ourselves and, being so, we must regard each other as members of one great human family.

Some people tell me that I am a reincarnation of several previous existences. Some people tell me that I willingly chose to come back to this earth, although I may not know it. Some say I am evolved from spawn in some primæval swamp.

Frankly, I do not care. I know that creation will continue, that it will never stop and that, potentially, I am a part of it. I am concerned not about the past of my race. But I am concerned and very deeply about its future.

An American poet once wrote that he had within him the cruelty of a tiger, the worst qualities of all the animals of the earth, but that also, mixed up in him, was a spark of something divine. That, I think, is the "Image of God" idea which you defend.

Evolution is not only the past, but the present. We are evolving now.

I do not care if I am descended from a monkey or from King William I. I may be descended from both.

We all have in our veins aristocratic blood. We people who belong to unknown families are the younger sons and daughters of the world.

Sometimes, when I look at a gorilla, I wonder whether he would fly in an aeroplane, if he could, and drop a poisoned gas bomb on an unprotected town, as we and the other nations of Europe seem quite prepared to do.

When I look at a baboon, I wonder if he would kill animals cruelly, if he had to eat them, when there was such a thing as a humane killer.

When I look at a chimpanzee, I wonder whether he would vivisect animals in order to discover cures for disease which can be cured by natural means; disease, too, which might not exist if we made our towns healthy, and we studied diet more, and we did not eat so much animal flesh

The ways of the Infinite are far beyond our understanding That mighty force which some call Nature and some people call God—I do not think it matters what you call it—has methods too deep for our intelligence to probe. I do not think we need worry about how it all began. The scientists quarrel anyway. Why should we? Let us concern ourselves about how it is going to end.

Here, around us, is a world that might be made beautiful, a world full of abundance which we destroy, a world crowded with human beings who, monkey-descended or not, are not given a chance for self-expression.

* * *

No, Creation, as I see it, has not really started yet. It is not something which ended when the world was peopled with prehistoric monsters, all the armour-plated ones of whom destroyed each other, leaving only the kindly elephant, who had no weapons and who uses, in a very kindly way, his ponderous strength.

Nor was it ended if, from the other point of view, two people came into the world and all the rest of us were descended from them.

It will really begin when we make up our minds to evolve a plan by means of which there can come into existence a new order of things altogether. That plan will start to be carried out when there evolves from this murderous and suicidal race a new order of beings who, visualising beauty, fashion it, who, seeing the need for co-operation instead of competition, work it out in practice.

Man is the master of his own fate and the captain of his own salvation. But he can only work out that salvation by thinking in terms of Service instead of Self.

You are an old man, well over eighty. You will not live to see the fulfilment of those things. Nor shall I. But at least we can agree to take part in the beginning.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Grimsby

DEAR SIR WALTER,—The appalling toll of the sea in recent weeks is a fresh reminder that fishing is the most dangerous of all occupations. And I agree with you that a national appeal should be made on behalf of fisherfolk.

The money raised could endow an insurance fund, which trawler owners and fishermen would maintain by weekly subscriptions, and which would provide pensions for widows and orphans.

Remembering how magnificently the public has always responded to mine disaster appeals, I am convinced that it would subscribe as generously to a fund for sea victims.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. HUGHES,
Mayor of Llanelly

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—"Hundreds of boys in Llanelly," you declare, "are being trained to sleep by their parents because there is not sufficient food for them. They are encouraged to stay in bed to save a meal or two."

Experts who think that food must be made scarcer and dearer should be trained to sleep for years at a stretch.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. THODAY,
Clerk to Lord Mayor of London

DEAR SIR,—Every day young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one are jailed because they can't pay court fines. I am glad you point out that, though some are young roughs, many are guilty of nothing worse than riding a bicycle without a light or playing football in the street.

The recent Home Office committee, of which you were a member, recommends that young people who default in payment of their fines should be brought before the court instead of being taken straight off to prison.

That is what I have been advising for more years than I care to count.

JOHN BULL.

Lord HENRY SEYMOUR,
Alcester, Warwickshire

MY LORD,—How many angry letters have you received so far?

Because of an epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever you, as chairman of the Bench, invited everybody in court to smoke. And everybody did.

I imagine that most of the ancient J.P.s who are so touchy about the "dignity" of their courts have taken to their beds in a state of high dudgeon.

JOHN BULL.

The DUCHESS OF PORTLAND,
Welbeck Abbey, Notts

YOUR GRACE,—Stricken with a grave malady, the wife of an unemployed man was told that there were only two specialists who could perform the delicate operation necessary to save her.

Within a few minutes of being appealed to for aid you had secured the services of one of those specialists, and the operation was a success.

Such generosity is one of the cardinal virtues of true nobility.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—"If society allows people to live like pigs, society cannot be very surprised if they sometimes behave like them," you remarked when a man was charged with an offence against his daughter—a man who lived with his wife and ten children in a house that had only two bedrooms.

Yes, that case is a terrible indictment of the system under which many of the poor have to exist. Can we boast of being civilised while we tolerate such conditions?

JOHN BULL.

ARCHIBALD LOURIE,
Edinburgh

RASCAL,—A former school teacher, you tried to get a job as instructor in Glasgow educational centres by offering a magistrate £10 towards the local Labour Party funds.

An "extraordinarily foolish" attempt at bribery it may have been, but not so foolish as to deserve leniency.

In sending you to prison for three months the Glasgow magistrates have shown admirable severity.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. NEIL LEITCH,
London School of Dietetics

DEAR DOCTOR,—"After eating ten to twenty oranges a day and taking nothing else but water, you will find by the tenth day you have the skin of a new-born child, the face of an angel and the figure of a seraph."

And the hunger of a crocodile?

JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS BARNES,
King's Proctor

DEAR SIR,—I don't suppose you relish your unpleasant job, which most of us think should be abolished.

Yet your action at Newcastle Assizes in seeking the rescission of a divorce decree because the couple have since become reconciled must have compensated you for a good deal of unhappy labour.

I wish your intervention always had such satisfactory results.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LESLIE FAIRNIE,
Oldham

DEAR LESLIE,—Though you were capsized and ducked when you set off from the Thames for Dover, you still hope to cross the Atlantic in your canoe.

If you fail you will get little sympathy. If you succeed it will mean no more than an absence of storms.

Can't you find something better to do?

JOHN BULL.

Alderman H. A. LEICESTER,
Worcester

DEAR ALDERMAN,—As a steward of the Three Choirs Festival you resent the inclusion of works by modern composers in the place of those by old masters.

Evidently you believe in honouring and rewarding a man when he is dead—and not before. But if this stupid policy had always been favoured those old masters would never have become known.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. H. B. LYON,
Headmaster of Rugby

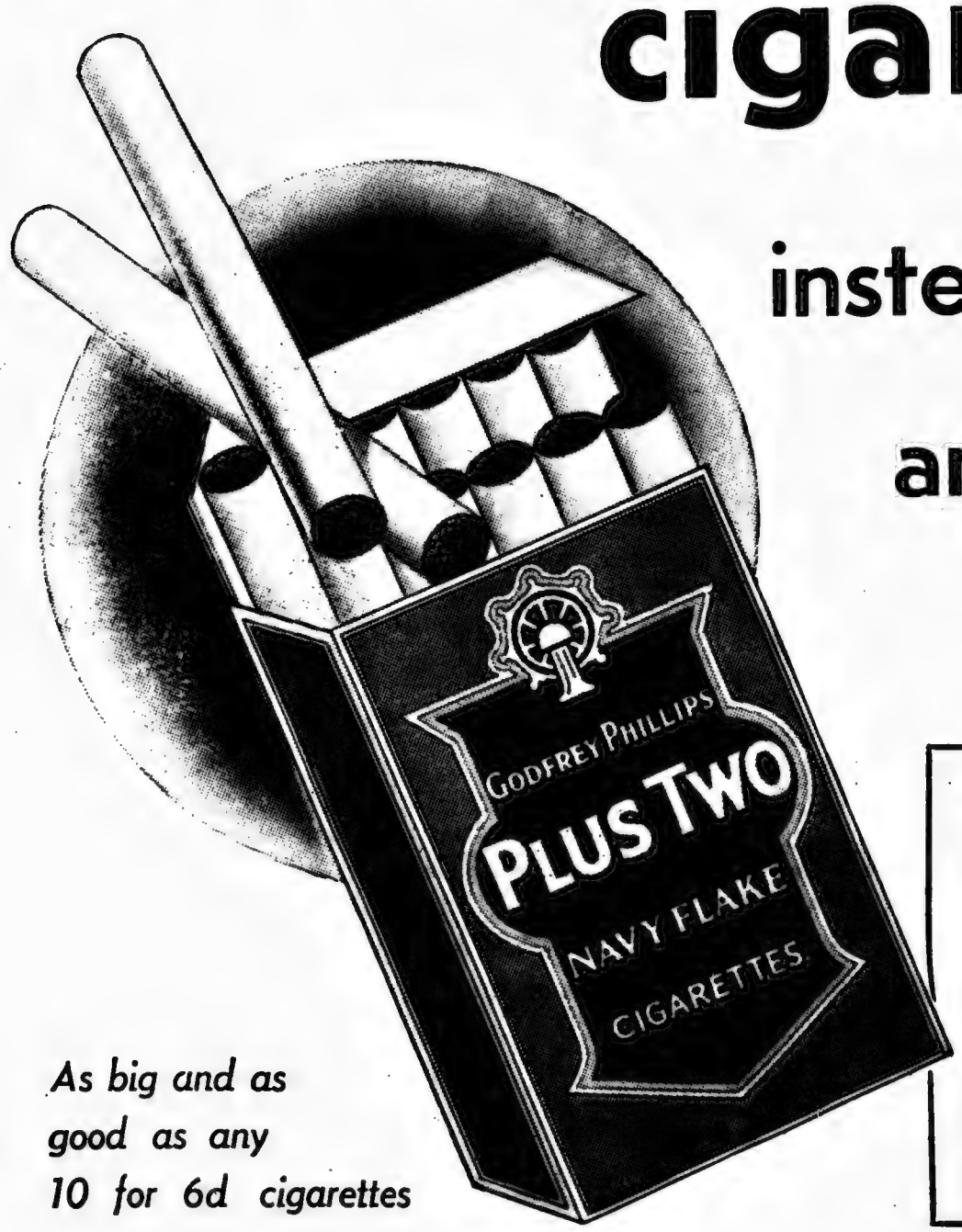
DEAR HEAD,—Your job, you say, is to educate the boy; the task of fitting him for a career must come second.

In council schools they try to do both. Perhaps that's why some of the products of free education are beating boys who have had a lot of money spent on their education and are still unfitted for a career.

JOHN BULL.

2 EXTRA cigarettes

instead of frills and tinfoil



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'PLUS TWO'

CIGARETTES

THE 'PLUS TWO' MAN GETS TWO MORE

by A. G. GARDINER

MY Budget PROPHECY

THIS is the moment of the year when Mr. Chamberlain, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, becomes the most interesting figure on the political stage. His Budget is beginning to take shape, and all of us in our several ways are speculating on what he has in store for us.

Will he have a surplus to play with, or will his new commitments swallow up his balance? If there is a surplus, will the interests of business get the benefit, or will the taxpayer, the wage earner or the consumer reap whatever harvest of relief is possible?

It is too soon yet to attempt to forecast the prospects; but certain broad facts are taking shape. They are less favourable, I fear, than they were a month ago. It is probable that a surplus will be realised, but it does not promise to be a large one, and it is pretty clear that the taxpayer must not look for any share in the "hand-out" of what in the co-operative world is known as the "divi."

Cheery new year

Let us have a look first at the incomings. Last year's trade returns were the best we have had since the great world slump began five years ago. Both our imports and our exports for every month of the year exceeded those of any year since 1920. The increase in our exports of manufactures, which amounted to £23,000,000, was particularly satisfactory, for it is to the restoration of our export trade that we must look for permanent trade recovery.

And the new year has opened no less cheerfully from a trade point of view. In spite of the heavy and disquieting rise in unemployment in January, the overseas trade returns for the month showed a big advance on those of January, 1934. British exports at £25,481,000 were up by the substantial sum of £3,872,000, and re-exports at £5,034,000 were up by a round million.

This is good news, and all the better because the rise is again largely due to increased shipments of manufactured articles. It shows that we are fighting back successfully against the crazy policy of tariffs and economic nationalism that has bedevilled world trade for the past five years.

But what bearing has this upon Mr. Chamberlain's problem? He has had, since his last Budget was introduced, ten months of improving trade, and might be assumed to be well up on his estimates. That is not the case. His revenue for the financial year stood at the end of the first week in February at £537,758,359 against £548,224,122 at the corresponding date of last year.

No alarm

Or take the completed figures of the first nine months of the present financial year. They show that the ordinary revenue is £3,000,000 less than last year, while the total ordinary expenditure exceeds last year by £9,300,000. These figures leave a deficit at the end of nine months of £110,400,000 against £98,100,000 at the same date last year.

This is not alarming. The three most productive months of the year remain to be harvested. But the comparison is not cheering. It disposes of the prospect of anything in the nature of a sensational surplus. It disposes also of any dreams of relief for the general taxpayer. He will be fortunate if, in April, Mr. Chamberlain leaves him without new burdens.

For while revenue is marking time, expenditure is, in an immortal phrase, "going on and on and up and up." New commitments for which Mr. Chamberlain has to provide in his Budget are springing up like asparagus in May.

I will take a glance at the most obvious of them. Consider, for example, the financial consequence of the happenings in Parliament in the last week or two over the Means Test. With the merits of that affair I am not concerned here. But its effect on Mr. Chamberlain's Budget will be serious.

It was expected that the new scheme of the Unemployment Assistance Board would add £3,000,000 to the cost of unemployment relief. Now, as the result of the explosion in Parliament, it is estimated that another £5,000,000 or so will be required. And if the rather startling rise in the unemployment figures in January is symptomatic the demands on Mr. Chamberlain may be still heavier.

Then there is this never-ending plague of subsidies, with which we are now engaged in buttressing up this industry or that. We have committed ourselves to subsidising the tramp-shipping industry to the tune of £2,000,000, and Mr. Walter Elliot's milk subsidy together with etceteras will account for another round £2,000,000. All this goes down on the list of Mr. Chamberlain's outgoings.

Next there is the restoration of the "cuts." I think I am right in saying that Mr. Chamberlain has himself practically committed himself to this. He restored last year half of the cuts in the wages of teachers, policemen, Civil Servants and so on, which were made in 1931, and is expected to provide for the restoration of the remaining half in April. This dumps another £1,500,000 on the expenditure side of his Budget.

Services load

A further heavy item will be the increase in the Defence services. The Estimates for the strengthening of the air service represent an increase on this item alone of some £4,000,000. Add the proposed new charges in regard to the Depressed Areas, the relief of overcrowding, and so on, and I arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Chamberlain has to provide for something like £20,000,000 of new expenditure.

"Mr. Chamberlain might be tempted to do several desirable things"—but the look of surprise on his face will be nothing to ours if he cuts our taxation!

How is it to be done? It is obvious, I think, from what I have said earlier, that the surplus, if any, will not be on this scale. Will the same taxation produce more next year than it is producing this? Will it produce enough to cover the new demands? If the improvement in trade continues it may. If it does not continue it certainly will not.

On this subject expert views differ. The revival has been mainly due to the home market, and authorities like Mr. Runciman hold that that market is approaching saturation point. Others like Mr. M'Kenna disagree. But, in either case, further improvement depends on the expansion of world trade.

He will not—

Mr. Chamberlain, of course, may have something up his sleeve. The tone of his speech in the House of Commons the other night was encouraging. He clearly expects the trade recovery to continue. And if anyone is in a position to know, he is.

Let us suppose that a substantial surplus is realised. Let us suppose further that a dramatic turn in world politics occurs, like a solution of the air problem. This would restore confidence and stimulate world trade.

If these things happen, Mr. Chamberlain might be tempted to do several desirable things. He might give us back our Penny Post. We shall not be happy till we get it. He might make a further cut in the h.p. tax on motor vehicles, which would further stimulate this great industry. He might——

In short, he might do many things that would rejoice this interest or that. But I venture to predict that there is one thing he will not do. He will not give us another cut in our taxation.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

WIGGING the WIGS

WHEN envious outsiders rail
At doctors as a class
The layman little int'rest shows,
Nor does he pay much heed to those
Who call the Law an ass.

But what if bankers gibe at banks?
What if a medico
Declares that medicine is fudge?
Or if anent the Law a Judge
The gaff proceeds to blow?

Such things a simple layman's faith
Inevitably mar;
The universe seems downside-up,
He feels that he's been sold a pup
And don't know where he are!

Some such feeling must have overcome many when they read some remarks made to the Cambridge Union by Mr. Claud Mullins, the Metropolitan Police Court magistrate.

To be told by a distinguished servant of the Law that our legal system has received much undeserved praise and stands in need of "debunking" is as disconcerting as if Professor Clarence Skinner had questioned the infallibility of Mr. Montagu Norman or a visiting film actress had stated that she considered our London police perfectly loathsome.

But, having recovered from the shock, the layman may well ask if he has not been taking the supposed miraculous perfection of our legal system too much for granted.

"Admittedly, our Judges do not take bribes, but to preen ourselves on this is no more reason . . . than it would be for a husband to claim a Royal Humane Society medal for not beating his wife.

And though our judicial system is free from palm oil, can it claim to be equally innocent of eyewash? For is not the way to the Bankruptcy Court, via the courts of appeal, paved with the judgments of dead-and-gone Judges, so that a litigant never knows when he may be impaled on a point of law that has worked its way through the dust of ages.

Lawyers talk about the glories of law much as a fox-hunter discourses of the delights of fox-hunting, but foxes and litigants may hold other views.

As Mr. Mullins points out, our legal system is not codified "because it is in researches into past judgments that lawyers at the Bar make their money."

It is a jolly game they play
Within the Law Courts, day by day,
Where judgments from a time remote
Are brought to light to rock the boat.

Though Silk may hold your case is good,
Silk may destroy your hopeful mood
By quoting what Judge Juggins said
Ere good Queen Anne was nicely dead!

For what was said by Juggins, J.,
Is heard with vast respect to-day:
Law good enough for good Queen Anne
Is good enough for any man!

Of course, if Silk can bring to light
Another judgment, diff'rent quite,
Made in the reign of King Canute,
Silk's client then will gain his suit!

Thus Law is just what Law should be:
From doubts and errors not too free!
For if it should be free from flaw,
How could they live who live by Law?

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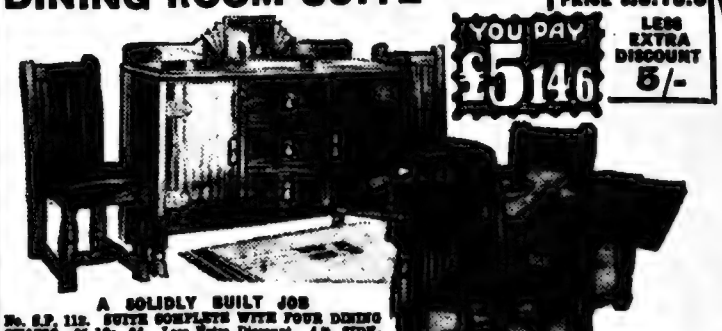

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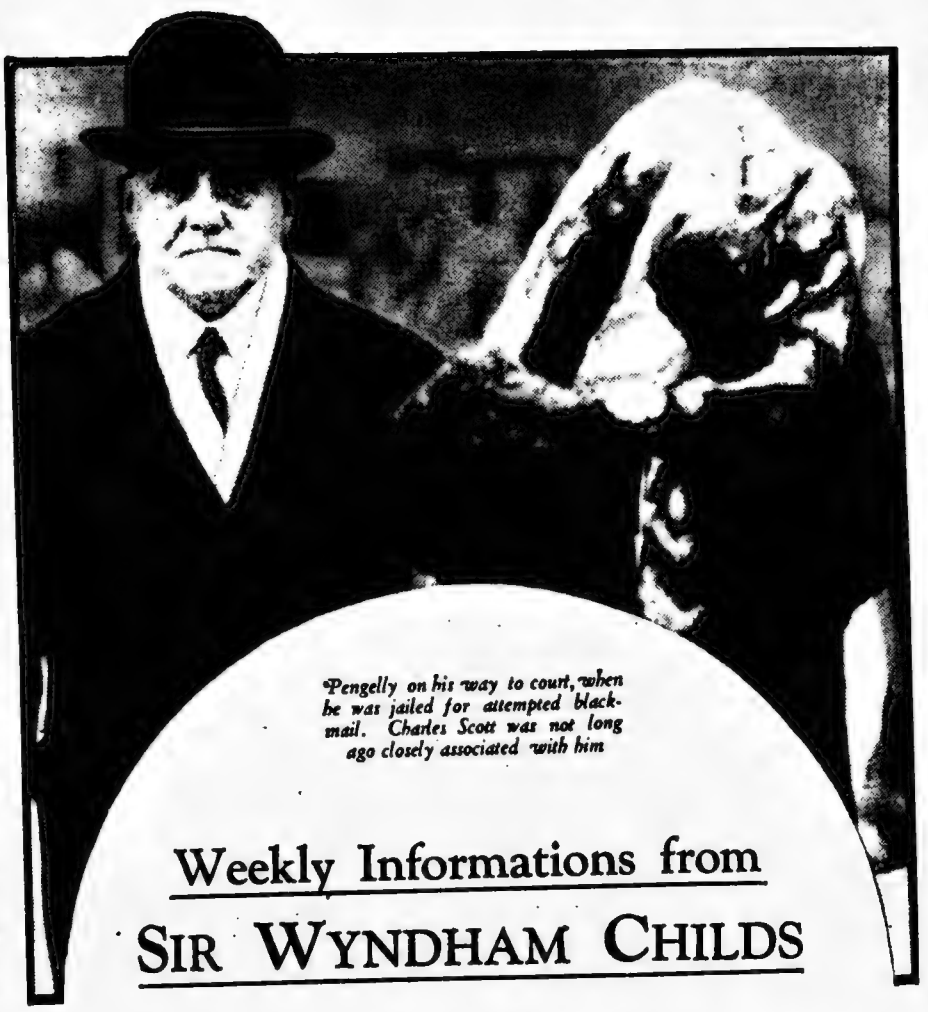

Pengelly on his way to court, when he was jailed for attempted blackmail. Charles Scott was not long ago closely associated with him

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

FOR some time past I have been interested in the activities of a group of financiers who have been moving in fashionable circles and directing their operations from luxurious offices and hotels in Mayfair.

The principal members of the group are three men of extravagant tastes who, during the period my investigators have been keeping them under observation, have alternately resided in expensive suites in the vicinity of Park Lane, Portland Place, New Bond Street and other districts of the West End of London.

Their main activities have been carried out through the medium of a venture called "Scott Brothers and Company," which until recently had its headquarters in Pall Mall, London, but which latterly were changed to a large building in Regent Street.

"Scott Brothers and Company" was presented to the public as being a power in the world of investment, insurance and underwriting, but it has now greatly curtailed its operations—for reasons not hard to find!

Actually it is at present the subject of very serious complaint on the part of people who have been unfortunate enough to have dealings with its leading light—either directly or through certain of his hirelings.

Marked ability

I will introduce these men in the order of their importance. First and foremost is a man who calls himself Charles Kingsley Scott and after whom the company itself was apparently named. He has been the chief controller of the concern's elaborate programme throughout, and, with undoubted charm and a great personality, he controlled it extremely well—for himself especially.

Next on the list I place a person named Seymour Sidney, otherwise known as Sidney Seymour, who is a little less persuasive, perhaps, than Charles Kingsley Scott, but an excellent talker and salesman nevertheless. Sidney, as second string, played his lesser part admirably.

Third on the scene is an elegantly dressed man-about-town named Henry Green, who, like his two colleagues, loves to mingle with the "smart set." Green, like Sidney, played a much smaller part than Charles Kingsley Scott, but he is a man of marked ability.

Unsolicited literature dispensed by "Scott Brothers and Company" informed people in all walks of life that the company had a comprehensive list of propositions which was "bound" to succeed if investors would be wise enough to pin their faith to the man who was at the helm and knew, or intimated that he knew, all there is to be known about "investment, insurance and underwriting" secrets.

Speedy deals

To the men and women favoured with the impressive literature which emanated from the "Investment and Statistical Service" of "Scott Brothers and Company" amazing stories were told about infallible money-making schemes.

Scott and a number of hirelings who were all inspiring talkers, predicted definite fortunes for clients at interviews which took place and excelled in the use of such comforting phrases as "returning prosperity," "judicious purchases," "dividend paying," "accurate investigation," "handsome profits," and so on.

On the surface everything seemed convincing enough, but, from the very start, there has been one objection big enough for any cautious person to find at a glance.

Kingsley Scott wanted everything done so quickly; urged clients to act immediately in taking up his advice—sought to rush everyone into parting with money. No independent investigation was necessary: "Scott Brothers and Company" had seen to all that!

It was only when the time for profits came that people saw the folly of believing all they heard. In consequence dupes can be found who have lost very considerable sums.

One victim, who was completely deceived by the amazing stories with which Charles Scott regaled him, is poorer today to the extent of over £7,000. Scott said that he had such influence in high financial circles that he could control the market where certain shares were concerned.

The investor got excuses instead of profits, and, finally, when he instructed a firm of solicitors to tackle the immaculate Mr. Scott, he learned to his dismay that the bulk of his money had gone into the pockets of his loquacious adviser!

All lost

Other victims who believed that their money was to be used in genuine Stock Exchange transactions have parted with individual sums of £100, £500, £2,000, £6,000 and even £8,000.

Some have lost practically everything.

One venture which Scott and his associates sponsored was an industrial finance corporation, which, far from being the gilt-edged enterprise it has been claimed to be, was merely nothing more than a name.

With plenty of money coming in it is not surprising that Scott and his friends have been able to live in luxury. All I find have frequently been seen in the company of notorious adventurers, some with criminal records behind them, and time and again have visited other offices from which similar objectionable propositions have latterly been launched.

That "birds of a feather flock together" is very true in their case, for all three are known to the police as persistent swindlers. Scott is a notorious share-pusher who has been associated with numerous dubious companies, and once relieved a retired officer heavily in an investment scheme which was born for the ostensible purpose of taking over a famous company. The whole thing was a fraud, but the retired officer would not prosecute.

Scott once had the temerity, without a penny in his pocket, to negotiate the underwriting of a big public company, and several investors who were induced to place faith in him burned their fingers very badly. This impudent exploit led him into the bankruptcy court, from which he has never obtained his discharge.

His real name is Charles Scotnicki, and he was not long ago closely associated with Benjamin George Pengelly, whose operations have constantly engaged official attention and who was some little while ago sent to jail for demanding money with menaces from His Beatitude the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Many frauds

His associates in the "Scott Brothers and Company" imposture whom I have mentioned by name—Green and Sidney—have likewise figured constantly in official enquiries.

Green is in reality the notorious Harry Green, alias Geen, who has been involved in numerous fraudulent schemes. He was for years one of Jacob Factor's chief lieutenants, and, after absconding to America, was extradited to England a short while back and sent to jail for the part he played in one of Factor's financial conspiracies.

Sidney, alias Sedney, alias Seymour, is a brother of a clever swindler named Marcus Skylinski, who is at present undergoing seven years' penal servitude for a long series of colossal investment frauds in which Sidney actively collaborated.

Green and Sidney have temporarily lost the assistance of Scott, who, for frauds which he carried out in Jersey—where he posed as a captain of the Grenadier Guards and lived in great style as a lord of the manor—recently fell into police hands there.

"The gang"

With characteristic meanness he blames some of his associates for his trouble, and, referring to them by name, pretends that he is glad to be "free of that gang!"

With Scott's operations in Jersey I am not immediately concerned, but readers should ignore any future offers which emanate from this source.

I hope that the company's career will now receive the fullest official investigation, and, meanwhile, the facts I have given should serve to place the public on its guard against the activities of Green, Sidney and their shady associates.

Word the Whole World Knows

"WALES—Wales, the land of my fathers is Wales." No national anthem ever sung has echoed so far into the remote corners of the world. There is a Welsh community in the heart of Central South America, where it is sung every night at sundown.

Wales is picturesque — grand. Typical of Wales is the county of Flintshire, with its mountains and its fertile valleys. Flintshire is the smallest county.

It is less than three hundred square miles. But go into the villages any evening, and you will find little gatherings of men and women who sing songs of the men who go to sea, or who go down into the mine.

These Welshmen will thrill you with their songs of home. You will find hundreds of readers of JOHN BULL among them. There is one in the fisheries at Ymly-yr-Afon, in Mostyn. He is a man who seeks to use every means to protect the home he has got together.

There is little he leaves undone. He loves the land of his fathers with a love that begins at home.

Not so long ago his wife was smitten with diphtheria, and he was faced with a bill for doctor's services, and had to get help to nurse her through.

But since he was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, he was eligible for benefit under our Free Insurance Scheme. In acknowledging receipt of our letter he writes: "I am thanking you very much for the cheque I received as Free Sickness Benefit for my wife's illness, which has been a great help to cover medical expenses, etc."

No man is worse for being fond of the land of his fathers. He is the better man who takes care of his home. If you are not already a registered reader, you will find registration forms on page 6.

Important Notice

A BOOK CONTAINING **25 NEW GAMES** TO BE PLAYED WITH

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LEXICON CRISS CROSS
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LEXICON players will be interested to know that we have just published a book containing 25 new games to be played with Lexicon cards which will widen the scope of Lexicon, bringing additional hours of delightful enjoyment and fascination to Lexicon enthusiasts.

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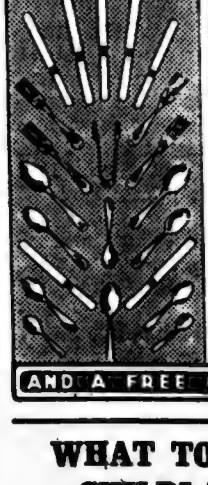

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Biggest Cutlery Bargain ever offered — genuine Sheffield made fully guaranteed. The Knives are mirror finished, stainless steel. Spoons and forks are of stainless nickel, warranted to wear white throughout. A complete set of 50 pieces for 38/6 or 5/- down and 5/- per month. Unobtainable anywhere at the price! And in addition you get a fine free gift.

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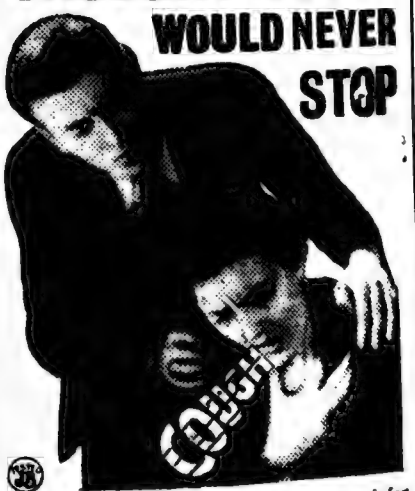
AND A FREE GIFT TO ALL

WHAT TO DO WHEN CHILBLAINS ITCH

All those who suffer from Chilblains know how unbearable the itching becomes at times. To get instant relief rub on a little Chilliline. This wonderful preparation has an amazing soothing effect and never fails to stop the itching. If persevered with for a few days Chilliline will completely eradicate Chilblains—a fact that has been proved time and time again during the past thirty years. Chilliline is not an unknown remedy. It has brought relief and cure to many thousands of sufferers from Chilblains. If you have Chilblains every year start rubbing on Chilliline before they actually appear. By so doing you will go through the winter completely free from all traces of Chilblains. Chilliline can be used without fear of ruining stockings or gloves. From all Chemists 1/3, or by post 1/5 from Osborne, Bauer & Cheeseman, Ltd., 42, Hampstead Rd., London, N.W.1.—ADVT.

THOUGHT COUGH WOULD NEVER STOP



"I thought my cough would 'hang on' for ever but the first dose of Venos *Lightning* Cough Cure brought relief."
Thousands of sufferers have joyfully made this remark after trying this world-famous Cough Cure.
Even such deep-seated troubles as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, 'Flu, etc., quickly respond to Venos Lightning action. It cures your cough or costs you Nothing. Obtain a bottle. Take as directed for 2 days and if the results are not ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, and we will refund your money in full.

VENOS
Lightning
COUGH CURE

From All Chemists 11½d. & 1/3 LARGE FAMILY SIZE 3/-

Monstrous "DOLE" Pillory

Bolton's Councillor, H. Eastwood, leads the indignant protests in the district against the cruel system

WORKLESS BRANDED IN PUBLIC

WARNING.

SUBMISSION.

I, the undersigned, [redacted] Street, Bolton, hereby admit that I Fraudulently obtained Outdoor Relief from the Public Assistance Committee of the County Borough of Bolton, by deliberately witholding the fact that I was employed and in receipt of wages.

I have expressed my sorrow and regret, and in consideration of the Public Assistance Committee not taking Proceedings against me, have consented to the publication of this, my Submission.

(Signed) [redacted]

Witness: F. SHAW, Relieving Officer. [redacted] Street, Bolton. 27th June, 1933.

20 Geo. 5. ch. 17, sec. 180.

If any person, for the purpose of obtaining Relief for himself or for any other person, wilfully gives a FALSE NAME, or makes or uses a FALSE STATEMENT to the Council of any County or County Borough or any of their officers concerned with the relief of the poor, he shall be deemed an idle and disorderly person within the meaning of Section 3 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824.

This is a photograph of an actual "Confession," the victim's name is obliterated by us for obvious reasons

METHODS reminiscent of the Dark Ages and the public pillory are being adopted by Public Assistance Committees in many parts of the country in their dealings with those who have the misfortune to be unemployed.

But the limit must surely have been reached by the Bolton Public Assistance Department in a new scheme adopted to "correct" unfortunate people who fail to disclose small amounts they may receive for odd jobs and used to augment the slender allowance they get in outdoor relief.

A JOHN BULL representative saw the modern "pillory" system in operation when he recently paid a visit to the Public Assistance offices in Mawdsley-street, Bolton, Lancashire.

Accusing finger

Hung up on the walls of the waiting rooms and corridors, for all the world to see, were posters bearing Confessions, or "Submissions" as they are called, which unemployed people have signed under the threat of Police Court prosecution.

The poster reproduced on this page is typical of the kind of thing we mean, though we have naturally obliterated the victim's name to spare him further pain.

Most readers will agree that the wording of this unusual official document is thoroughly un-British.

One case is that of a local ex-Service man who had paid back to the Public Assistance department many months ago the small amount which he drew when technically he was not entitled to do so.

Yet his confession or "submission" is still on the walls of these offices, pointing like an accusing finger.

The experience of this victim is decidedly illuminating:

"I signed this confession," he said, "twelve months ago last April. When it was discovered that I had done some odd work for a few days I was brought before an official who gave me the choice of signing the confession or 'submission,' as they call it, or being prosecuted.

"I have a wife and three children, and was receiving £1 6s. 6d. in relief at the time. When I eventually got work as a labourer at thirty-five shillings a week I had to pay back what I owed the Public Assistance Department at the rate of five shillings a week.

"The worry of having that 'confession' posted up made me ill and was a source of anxiety to my wife. Then, when I had paid back what I owed several months ago, I was surprised that the 'confession' was not taken down. Am I to be pilloried in this way for ever?"

Another victim of this new form of public pillory living at Slaterfield, Bolton, was unemployed about twelve months ago.

He was receiving a food ticket for five shillings a week, and his brother, with whom he was lodging, was getting £1 15s. a week on which to keep a family of eight.

As this man could not expect his brother to keep him for five shillings a week he did a little caddying at a near-by golf course. The amount which he earned at this odd work and did not disclose to the Public Assistance Department was only about fifteen shillings.

When the Public Assistance people discovered this terrible offence he was given the alternative of police prosecution or the signing of a "Submission." He chose the latter and, as further punishment, his small relief allowance was stopped.

Sign, or—

"I had no chance to think the matter over calmly," he said, "but if I had had time for consideration I would have preferred police-court proceedings, which would have been less humiliating and much fairer than the posting up of my 'Confession.'"

Yet another similar case is that of a man who fell ill. He applied to his society for sick pay, but as he was told that he was not entitled to this, he obtained relief from the Public Assistance Department.

A few weeks later, however, his sick pay came through, and as his wife was expecting a baby, this money was spent in getting her some much-needed necessaries.

There was the inevitable sequel. The Public Assistance officials heard of the sick pay and this much-worried man was called before the local Star Chamber and given the usual choice of signing a confession or . . .

"I feel the injustice of my confession being posted up, as those who read it would place a wrong construction on what I did," is this man's comment. "I would not have signed, but I did not want the trouble of police-court proceedings and the risk of prison when my wife was expecting a child.

"Naturally, my chance of getting a job was not improved by having the confession of my mistake displayed so prominently."

In Bolton there has been case after case of a similar nature. Unemployed men, harassed with difficulties, have done odd jobs for which they have received small payment. This has not been disclosed to the Public Assistance officials, often because the recipient has no clear idea that such small amounts should be mentioned.

Then comes the usual threat of police-court proceedings or the signing of a "Submission," which is exhibited in the form of a poster.

Indignation

It is not surprising in the circumstances that indignation is growing up in Bolton against the medieval method of confession extracted by the Public Assistance Committee.

Councillor Herbert Eastwood, who has been informed of a number of such cases, holds strong views on this new form of inquisition and pillory.

"In the first place," says Councillor Eastwood, "assuming that these cases were taken to court, the statement of the applicant would then be judicially considered by an impartial Bench, whereas now the cases are dealt with and punishment meted out by those who are parties to the cases.

"In a police-court extenuating circumstances would be taken into consideration, whereas before the Public Assistance Committee there is apparently no such consideration.

"Further, if a man repays the amount in question, having signed the submission, his punishment should end, but actually his confession is given publicity over a period of months.

"This is a very un-English way of dealing with the victims of circumstances created by continuous poverty and hardship."

Not justice

Most people, we know, will echo these sentiments and feel that the authorities concerned should take action immediately to end this attempt to reintroduce methods of the pillory applied to the unfortunate unemployed.

When "Confessions" of this kind are posted and remain for all the world to see over long periods, it undoubtedly handicaps the pilloried victim in his search for employment.

Cases of blatant fraud over a long period are other matters altogether. Where the Public Assistance Department has been deliberately defrauded, the authorities concerned should take police-court proceedings, and no one could complain.

The Public Assistance Committee has its duty to the public, but its method of trying to stop these petty offences is a negation of justice.

Unemployment is a tragic experience for thousands, but to add to it the terrors of the pillory is a form of misguided zeal which should be suppressed forthwith.

SEND HIM PACKING!

WE commend the following facts to the immediate notice of the Home Office:

At Southampton, operating from an address, 10, Portland Street, is a man by the name of E. W. Arculus, who is carrying on a disgraceful imposition, involving people who are seeking employment.

He advertises in these terms: "Positions on ocean liners. Board included. Send self-addressed envelope for copy 'Positions Afloat.'"

* * *

Enquirers, replying under the impression that they may be able to secure work, are induced to part with a fee of 3s. 6d. in the belief they will be sent particulars of actual positions available. All they receive, however, is a booklet containing a general description of conditions of employment at sea.

Of course, it is practically impossible for any inexperienced persons to obtain work with any shipping line, since there are hundreds of experienced men and women unemployed in every shipping centre.

The Arculus advertisement is simply a delusion and a snare, and we know that shipping companies have complained about his activities.

Formerly, Arculus, who is an American subject, ran a similar unsavoury business in the United States.

Over there he was effectively stopped by the Postmaster-General of the United States signing an order in May, 1933, refusing Arculus the use of the mails. At the time he was advertising "positions afloat" in America there were no fewer than 22,000 unemployed seafarers in New York alone.

Driven out of business in New York, Arculus came to this country in May last year, and was admitted on a conditional permit. He is living in comfortable circumstances at Winchester and regularly attending at his Southampton office. Incidentally, he has no Ministry of Labour licence to work in this country.

* * *

Without question, the permit which allows Arculus to remain in England should be cancelled forthwith and he should be despatched on his travels again. He is certainly an "undesirable."

Those absorbing hobbies which give so much pleasure; fill so many leisure moments: how often a 'Player' seems to aid in solving a knotty problem, or completes the satisfaction of a job well done.

N.C.C.2258.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 5-3D 10-6D 20-11½D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd

SHE'S FOUND THE SECRET OF SLEEP — *and with it the secret of energy!*

And yet till recently this busy housewife used to get up feeling "absolutely worn out." Read her letter:

Dear Sir,
I feel I must write and tell you the wonderful results I have derived from taking your Bourn-vita. I am a sufferer from nerves and sleeplessness, never knew what it was to have a night's undisturbed sleep. I used to awake unfit for anything . . . But since taking Bourn-vita, I sleep the whole night through and awake full of energy for the day's work. I attribute this gain of health to my regularly taking a cup of Bourn-vita, lunch and evening time . . . Mrs. I. B.

★Read below *how* Bourn-vita gives this wonderful help.

Last night's Bourn-vita is helping her now!

★**YOU TOO** can get help from Bourn-vita. It helps to digest your other food, and thus enables you to get better sleep, and to wake up thoroughly refreshed and full of energy. Bourn-vita is also a very nourishing food—a delicious combination of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate. *Start a course of Bourn-vita this very night.*

Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA

THE FOOD-DRINK for DIGESTION SLEEP AND ENERGY

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.
All foods, food preparations, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

YOU MUST TRY THE BAKING POWDER

which North Country Cooks have praised since 1861.

LINGFORDS BAKING POWDER

"Never Relaxes Pulse Wapes"

If any difficulty in obtaining write direct,

FREE Write for "The Ideal Home Recipe Book" to Joseph Lingford & Son, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham. Dept. J.B.

ACID STOMACH CAUSES GASTRITIS & STOMACH ULCERS

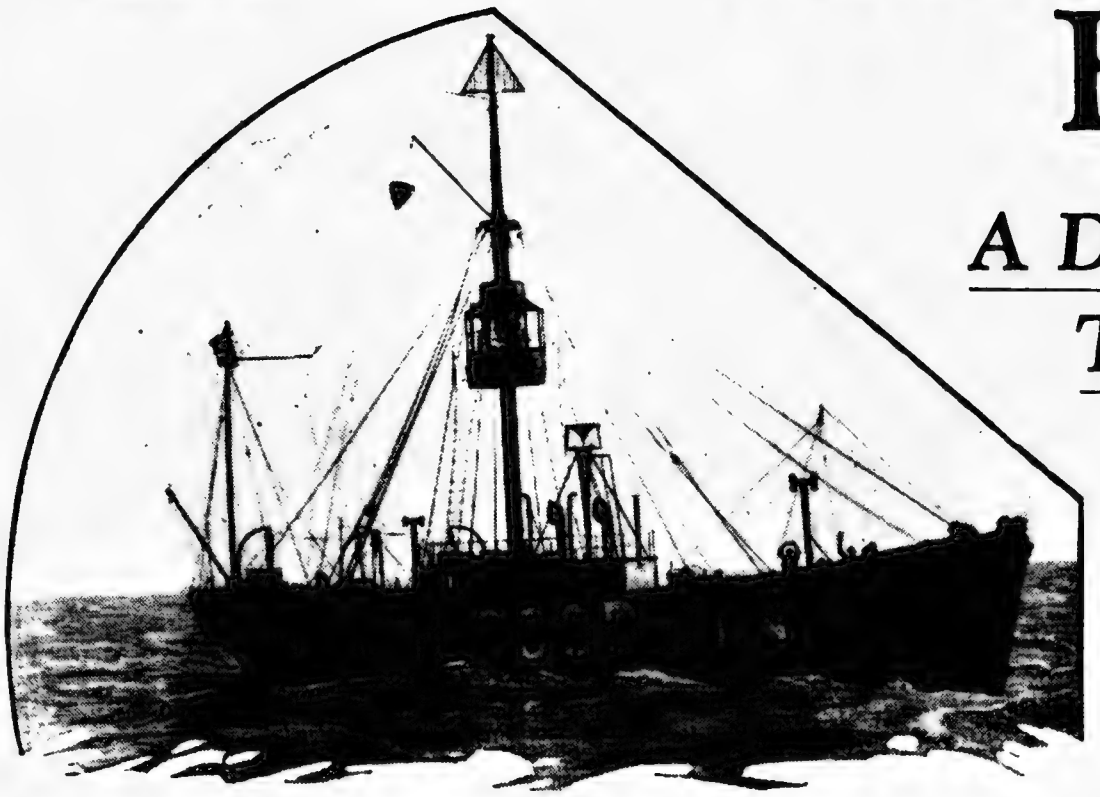
STRIKING X-RAY REVELATIONS

"Acid," says a high medical authority, "irritates the delicate lining of the stomach and, if unchecked, will inflame the membrane to such an extent that indigestion, gastritis, and even stomach ulcers result. So long as excess acidity is present only temporary relief is possible; permanent and complete benefit can be secured only by neutralising the acid. Personally, I have secured remarkable results in even the severest cases by the use of the well-known antacid, 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Recent medical research and X-ray experiments prove that the special ingredients in 'Bisurated' Magnesia are the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science. I strongly advise anyone suffering from stomach trouble in any form to keep 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA on hand, and take a teaspoonful in water after each meal, or when the slightest distress is felt. It costs but 1/3 from any chemist, gives immediate relief, and I have known it to cure chronic cases of many years standing, as well as the most severe cases of acute gastritis."

Two Drowning BOYS

A Disgraceful Tragedy



"No reply from the Goodwin Lightship," said the coastguard, who phoned in response to the tragic father's plea for help

FOR six months a Ramsgate father, whose two sons were lost at sea last summer, has been fighting for a full enquiry into the scandalous lack of action at the time on the part of local life-saving authorities.

After some delay the Mercantile Marine Department of the Board of Trade has held an enquiry, and has apparently come to the conclusion that everybody concerned should be whitewashed most thoroughly.

The tragic story of the end of these two brothers, Cyril Butler, age seventeen, and Norman Butler, age fifteen and a half, began on the evening of August 13, 1934, when they decided to go out in a friend's boat for a sail. They never came back.

When their parents returned home that evening they were surprised that the two boys were not there. And it was not until 11 p.m. that they learned that the brothers had gone out in a fifteen-foot boat

The father by this time had become extremely anxious and went to the police, thinking that they would telephone to the proper authorities. But the matter was not in their jurisdiction. An appeal to the watchman on the East Pier was likewise fruitless.

Almost despairing of getting official assistance, the father then went to the Coastguard station. It was now 2 a.m. The coastguard on duty said, after some persuasion, that he would ring up the Goodwin Lightship and request them to ask other lightships to keep a strict watch for the small boat. But, unfortunately, he could get no reply when he rang the lightship.

Not told

Now the fact is that, although the distracted father had approached all these responsible officials, nothing was done during the long night, and no attempt was even made to search for the missing boat.

The coxswain of the Ramsgate lifeboat was never informed of the plight of the two boys drifting to death at sea off the coast.

In such cases of emergency not only the lifeboat crew, but owners of motor-boats render assistance, so that had the coxswain of the lifeboat been ordered not to go out, the owners of motor-boats would have set out. Yet they were not told. A member of the lifeboat crew said that, had they been called, there was hope that their boat might have been sighted.

True it was dark, but these men have a wonderful knowledge of tide and currents.

They would have known where to look for the helplessly drifting boat with the two terrified boys being carried out to death on the dark sea.

So throughout the long hours of that dreadful night the distracted father went round trying to get the authorities to do something, but without success.

Old methods

At 5 p.m. on August 15, that is seventeen hours after the boys had been reported missing at sea, the police did send out an SOS message.

Hope for the rescue of the two boys faded with the dawn of the new day. They presumably perished at sea, for nothing has since been heard of them.

The father has fought earnestly for a full enquiry into the whole of the circumstances.

"I am fighting to bring about an alteration in the rules concerning the saving of lives at our coast towns," says Mr. J. B. Butler.

"My agitation in this direction will not bring my sons back, but I think that something should be done to bring about a change in the obsolete methods which make loss of life possible in such circumstances. It is not a local matter, but one of national importance."

With regard to the private enquiry held by the Mercantile Marine Department of the Board of Trade, it is interesting to note that the following admission is made in a report:

"It is true that the coastguardsman on duty did not formally notify the local lifeboat authorities of the information given, but the lifeboat authorities have informed the Board's investigating officer that a launch would not have been ordered even if the information had been communicated."

Thus the authorities skim over the fact that the coastguards failed to report to the lifeboat coxswain, and suggest that if this had been done no action would have been taken! If that is so, then it seems that the methods of saving life at our coastal ports do indeed need overhauling.

But the Assistant Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution wrote to the parents as follows:

"You were quite right in reporting the matter in the first place to the coastal authorities. At the same time I am afraid you are under a misapprehension as to the powers of the lifeboat coxswain regarding the launching of the lifeboat.

In this matter he, of course, takes instructions from the local honorary secretary, but he has authority to take immediate action when, in his opinion, the matter is urgent and there is danger to life.

Actually, the lifeboat authorities at Ramsgate were never informed that a boat was missing."

Thus it becomes clear that someone ought to have communicated with the coxswain of the lifeboat.

Had this been done we have good reason to believe that this man would have decided to launch the boat and at least make an attempt to locate the two boys who were drifting hopelessly on the open sea.

Bungling and hours of delay removed whatever chances there were of saving the two boys. The growing despair of the parents can be imagined.

When the Mercantile Marine Department of the Board of Trade report that the Board "is satisfied that all practical steps were taken," we can only remark that it is far too easily satisfied.

Lives at stake

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, on the other hand, has stated that the whole case will be very fully considered, "with a view to dealing with any emergency of a similar kind which may arise in the future."

We hope very drastic amendments will be made, for the fact that the lifeboat coxswain was not told is a distressing instance of bungling when lives were at stake. At the same time enquiries might be made as to why the coastguard was unable to get into touch by wireless with an important lightship in such an emergency.

In conclusion, we suggest to the authorities concerned that the best way to show sympathy to the bereaved parents is to overhaul the methods of life-saving in such a way as to make a similar tragedy of official apathy and incompetence impossible in the future.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

There is a Better Way

THE Dean of Canterbury tells of an amateur motorist who ran an expensive car from Manchester to Colwyn Bay on the second gear instead of the top, and afterwards boasted of what he evidently considered a fine performance. He said his speed had never once fallen below twenty miles an hour during the journey.

What he did not know was that if he had driven on top gear he would have consumed less fuel, taken less wear out of his engine, and reached his destination sooner.

The Dean uses this case of incompetence as an illustration of the way in which civilised countries at large, and our own in particular, fail in utilising their productive resources to the best advantage in providing all-round comfort and material security. He says we stupidly pride ourselves on our intermittent success in running our national and international business on a low gear when we could just as easily run it on a high one with a vast increase in the world's prosperity.

* * *

I can see no flaw in the argument, but I suppose there must be a snag somewhere or surely enlightened statesmanship would act on the Dean's recommendations, which are substantially those of the Douglas system. They offer us a better New Deal than Mr. Lloyd George's if they could be made to work.

The one big outstanding fact on which they build is that there is no perceptible limit to what scientific methods can now produce in real wealth—which is not money but food, clothes, houses, and all the refinements of life—if allowed opportunity to do their utmost.

Up-to-date machinery has multiplied man power to an amazing extent in nearly all industries while proportionately reducing the necessity for employing actual physical labour.

It is estimated, for instance, that four thousand men operating efficient labour-saving machinery could produce the whole wheat crop of the United States in any one year. Professor Soddy states that England's productive capacity has increased four thousand per cent. in little more than a hundred years.

Why is it then that there is so much poverty and want in present-day England as almost everywhere else? Because, replies the Dean, we are still behaving like the motorist who foolishly imagined that he was doing the proper thing in running his engine on low gear, and not only wasting all the energy the car was built to yield, but choking the feed and reducing the life of all the constituent parts at the same time.

It is not over-production but under-consumption that is our trouble, and it is curable. Run the national engine at full capacity and give us all access to the product. The Dean declares that it can be done without extra taxation.

* * *

What is certainly and wickedly wrong is destroying foodstuffs to raise prices—a thing I saw done myself a few years ago in California, when a firm of speculators bought a rancher's whole season's growth of potatoes and ran a steam-roller over them with the avowed object of cornering the market in what was permitted to remain.

The same applies to life as a whole. Refuse to run on low gear physically, mentally or morally.

THE SINISTER of SOCIE

NEVER before have the Sirens of Society—those clever adventuresses whose chief stock-in-trade is a beguiling charm, a lying tongue, and often a fraudulent plot to hatch—loomed so large in the public eye as they are doing just at present.

There is, in fact, a regular plague of them.

In many instances the people they exploit are among the highest in the land and, owing to the positions they hold, decline to prosecute. They naturally desire to avoid the unpleasant publicity such proceedings would bring.

All the same, during the past few weeks some of the best brains at Scotland Yard have been engaged in unravelling the astonishing frauds of several of these Society vampires.

In the same period at least three such impostors have been sent to jail. But practically nothing about their real escapades in social circles was brought out in court, for the simple reason that the police, owing to the reticence of the chief victims, were unable to obtain the necessary evidence to enable the full stories to be told.

Lavish living

One case in point is that of a woman named Augusta Howell, who for years has contrived to move in high circles and, claiming relationship with people of prominence, has systematically defrauded men and women whose confidence she won.

This woman, who says her father is a famous judge in the Colonies, has lived persistently in lavish style at the expense of dupes from whom she has obtained money and goods at various addresses.

Though Scotland Yard detectives have been called in repeatedly to inquire into complaints made against her, they have found it a very difficult matter to prosecute because most of her victims have refused to institute proceedings.

Only when the police discovered that she was an undischarged bankrupt, and had obtained credit without disclosing that fact, were they able to get her into the dock.

That her imposture was solely due to love of notoriety can be gauged from the fact that one charge against her related to jewellery she obtained fraudulently. Yet she was in possession of an allowance from a distinguished Army officer!

Only the other day it was reported in the daily Press that a woman was causing considerable anxiety to Scotland Yard because several complaints were being received about her from well-known people, whom she is alleged to have hoaxed through a variety of impostures.

Detectives working under the instructions of Superintendent Arthur Askew, Chief of Scotland Yard's "Big Six," have been collecting information about this woman's exploits for some time.

Lady Greer (selling a flag to Mr. Norman Birkett) has complained of impostors using her name.

Inspector Hudson described one Society siren as a "dangerous and unscrupulous woman."

The "heiress"

Yet, although these officers have sufficient evidence to justify a prosecution, they are powerless to move against her because her victims steadfastly refuse to prefer a criminal charge.

This deceiver, whose name we must withhold at this stage for obvious reasons, arrived in London a few months ago.

Passing herself off as the daughter of a famous titled man, who shuns public life and is rarely seen outside the grounds of his estates, she took a luxurious flat in Mayfair and settled down in style as an heiress with unlimited financial resources.

Chiefly with the assistance of a young man of title, who believed that she was really all she claimed to be, she soon managed to inveigle her way into the company of scores of prominent people.

Among them is a famous politician.

She was seen at all kinds of important social functions, and acted as hostess at fêtes and banquets arranged for various charitable purposes.

Though the stories she told about her father's mansions and estates, and of the happy and thrilling times she had spent in the hunting field, all sounded so realistic, she is actually the daughter of a railway platelayer.

Yet men of royal blood have latterly danced with her in the belief that she is actually a member of a famous family!

To-day her astonished dupes know that she is an impostor, for numerous creditors who have supplied her with goods, including jewels and expensive clothes, found it necessary at long last to investigate her claims since she had a marked reluctance to meet her accounts.

It was found that in many cases she had casually obtained goods by using the names of well-known and reputable people who, she averred, had authorised her to book the goods in their names.

Another dangerous siren, about whom the police of this and other countries have received regular complaints, has for some time been using different aliases and passing as a daughter of the "Duke of Dorset." The experience of one of her recent victims may be taken as a typical instance of the way she works.

Vanished!

Whilst spending a holiday in Paris she made the acquaintance of a retired English business man and his wife who were staying at the same hotel with their two pretty daughters and a son who had just celebrated his coming of age.

This impostor daughter of the "Duke of Dorset" soon wheedled her way into the confidence of this family by regaling them with reminiscences of royal functions she had attended at Buckingham Palace, and even suggested that she was on friendly terms with members of the Royal Family.

Just before her friends' return to London, she agreed to introduce them to her highly-placed society acquaintances.

But after obtaining several sums of money from her dupes on various pretexts, she disappeared, leaving them to discover that she was a notorious impostor, well known to the police, whose claim to the "Dorset" title was mythical.

Many aliases

The impudent borrowing of titles is, apparently, a matter of small moment to sirens of this type. Only a few weeks ago Lady Greer, the wife of Lord Justice Greer, complained to Scotland Yard about the operations of a brazen adventuress who was then going about obtaining goods and credit in her name.

Other well-known titles which have been similarly used by social harpies recently are those of Lady Lytton, Lady Kinnoull, and even that of a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York.

One of the most persistent of these sirens is an elderly woman who has been known to Scotland Yard by many aliases, but whose latest masquerades have been carried out in the name of the "Honourable Amy Grant."

Some of the big stores have posted special detectives to prevent

SIRENS OF SOCIETY

Plague of Titled Impostors: Famous People Exploited

...n, apparently as innocent as is this ..., were staged by Kate Hind, who ...as jailed for blackmail.

her from obtaining goods by impersonating titled women. Jewellery, costly clothes, valuable antiques, have all been obtained by her in this way.

One impostor, who has so far managed to slip through the fingers of the police, is to-day living in great style with a car, a chauffeur and several servants. She enjoys a handsome income, which is derived from blackmail.

One of her chief victims is a well-known public man who, after she had threatened that she would publish the story of some early indiscretions, paid her a lump sum "in settlement."

This dupe long ago laid full information about her at Scotland Yard, but because of his official position he refused to prosecute—even anonymously.

Much official information, too, has been collected by the authorities about a clever and scheming siren who has bled several men of good social position after gaining their friendship with false credentials.

Bogus prince

One example of her audacity will show to what lengths she will go to achieve her fraudulent aims. At a fashionable London hotel she trapped a rich man into a compromising situation by posing as the fiancée of a foreign prince. A handsome male confederate played the role of the prince, and the dupe met

Lord Delamere is another titled person who has had to complain of the activities of impostors

their blackmailing demands to avoid an unpleasant "scene."

Riding in Rotten Row and officiating at exclusive social functions, one can constantly see another of these pretty deceivers who has frequently been under police observation and has latterly been "blacklisted" by more than one trade protection agency because of her reluctance to settle bills.

She is now posing as a wealthy heiress. Not long ago she came out of prison after serving a well-deserved term for various impudent frauds.

One of the worst adventuresses we know of is a many-aliased woman, whose real name is Kate Hind, and who is at present in prison for blackmail. The judge who sentenced her recently said it would be difficult to find a "more poisonous human being."

Detective-Inspector Hudson, too, revealed that she had for years been known to the police as a dangerous and unscrupulous woman. She inveigled well-known men to her sumptuous West End apartment and extorted money from them.

Behind her criminal mask she was a charming hostess, and frequently staged cabaret shows and pyjama parties for the entertainment of her guests, who were naturally astounded when they later learned what type of woman she really was.

Some of these social pests operate in London only occasionally. They find easy game, instead, among the English visitors at famous Continental resorts. A person of this category is a young and attractive woman who, amongst other aliases, is known to some of her victims as "Lady Allbutt." She specialises in obtaining money from people by posing as the daughter of a phantom Duke. She recently became "betrothed" to a non-existent English nobleman with a famous name.

Her black book!

There is no limit to the audacity and ingenuity of some of these adventuresses.

One of them, with a bogus title, whose malpractices have placed a number of celebrities within her power, hit on the idea of publishing a book of her reminiscences.

That book is, of course, never likely to be published, but the threat that it will be has proved a very effective weapon for squeezing money out of those she has marked down for victimisation.

She has carried on this despicable game for years, and one would have thought that she would have found herself in the dock long ago. The fact that she has escaped this fate is one more example of how powerless the police are to act when the siren's victims shun the publicity of a prosecution.

Sometimes the siren does not come into the picture until the "pigeon is ready to pluck."

This is what happens in the case of the decoys who are the tools of one gang, composed of seven or eight men related to good families, who find their victims for the most part at some of Mayfair's most exclusive hotels.

Most of the people who fall into their clutches are American, Colonial or foreign visitors, who, coming to this country for "the season," are enticed into conversation at their hotels. They are told that if they do not know London, and want to do "the social round," nothing could be better for them than to place themselves under the wing of someone who "knows the ropes."

Price of silence

Times out of number the visitors, glad to make an influential friend in this manner, accept the offer. And "the social round" takes them to palatial flats in the West End, where innocent card parties and "at homes" are arranged while the dupe's confidence is being won.

Then one of the decoys comes on to the scene, and the plot begins in earnest. The visitor, unless he is very wary, finds himself quickly compromised and money is wheedled from him either in some swindling financial venture or in faked gaming transactions, or—as is frequently the case—as the price of silence for some indiscretion.

Quite recently, after detectives had been called to investigate a complaint made by an American visitor who alleged that he had been robbed during a party where *chemin de fer* had been played into the early hours, it was discovered that two notorious Society parasites had been present and that the whole affair had been organised by a well-known confidence trickster who has been living by his wits for years.

Broken promise

Some of the women who act as lirelings for this gang specialise "out of season" in obtaining money from retired business men who fall for the suggestion that their young daughters should be "introduced" into Society.

The police know of numerous cases where hundreds, even thousands, of pounds have been parted with to professional hostesses who, going so far as to promise that "presentations at Court" can be arranged, do absolutely nothing for the money.

The growing activity of the Society siren also accounts for the growth in "impersonation" cases lately reported in the provinces.

A bogus £400,000 heiress has been obtaining money in the Westcliff-on-Sea district, while another adventuress of the same kidney has perpetrated frauds at Liverpool and elsewhere by impudently posing as the "Honourable Mrs. Conway."

Secret liaison

The wife of a famous Scottish judge has also latterly been impersonated for criminal purposes by a notorious society siren named Barbara Wilson, alias Campbell, who for years has pretended to be closely related to titled people whose names she has grossly misused.

As a rule the Society siren is clever enough to paddle her own canoe. But sometimes she is herself the willing dupe of a male crook who uses her as a decoy to further his own nefarious ends.

This was so in a case reported to the Vine Street police recently. The woman in the case, who was acting as the hostess at fashionable parties in the West End of London, was in secret liaison with a notorious ne'er-do-well son of a good family.

Call to victims

This man was disowned by his father after disgracing himself in one of the Services. Latterly he has made a practice of obtaining a steady income out of blackmail by employing women dupes whom he is able to establish in social circles because of his influential connections.

In this case, as in so many others, both he and his decoys are still at large because of the reluctance of their victim to prosecute.

It is a thousand pities that people of title and position who have been victimised take this attitude. For as long as they do so the police authorities are powerless to take action in the absence of a prosecutor and the necessary witnesses.

If only for the sake of the growing army of prospective dupes, some of those who have already fallen victims should be public-spirited enough to assist the law to take its course.

Then we should soon hear less than we do of the operations of the sinister sirens of Society.

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JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES—NO. 118

I RUIN my HUSBAND

"We would sit talking for hours out on the point at La Corbière, the famous lighthouse ahead"

WHEN I married, there was the usual weeding-out of odd articles accumulated during my childhood and adolescence, but for sentimental reasons a small autograph-scrap-book, a relic of my schoolgirl days, went with me to my new home—to be immediately relegated to the bottom drawer of a dressing-chest, and to lie there forgotten for years.

It had in it the customary collection of drawings, witty sayings, proverbs, moral platitudes and poetic gems, with here and there the autographs of relatives, or of the lesser famous I had besieged when opportunity occurred.

Little did I know that that tattered register of girlhood thrills would, in the years to come, provide me with the greatest thrill of a lifetime and become a signpost to me at the cross-roads of tragedy and happiness.

My marriage was a love match. I met David —— one year while on holiday at St. Helier, Jersey, with a girl friend. I was a Civil Service typist at that time; and he was in an accountant's office in Liverpool, not long finished with his articles and waiting to learn the result of his final examination for which he had just sat.

He was very ambitious. I loved to hear him talk with boyish pride about what he hoped to do in the future, the big things he would achieve and the big money he would make, the power and the success he dreamed of.

We would sit talking for hours out on the point at La Corbière, with the romantic coast behind us, and the famous lighthouse warning off the sea-travellers from shipwreck. . . .

In later years I would remember those moments and wonder if it had not warned us also of the rocks which might shipwreck us on dry land.

We said au revoir at Waterloo; he to go across London to get his train to the north, and I to go down to the Underground to travel by Tube to my home at Raynes Park. We wrote often. Soon there came a letter saying that he had passed first in his finals in the British Isles; then four months later came more exciting news—he had obtained a good post with a large oil company at their European headquarters in London.

We saw more and more of each other after that. And within two years we were married, settling down in a lovely little home near Wimbledon Common.

Ten eventful and happy years passed. Our boy was born to add to our happiness. And the job with the oil firm proved but a stepping-stone to other and better appointments. David's success was steady; we moved from Wimbledon to Hampstead, then to a larger house out Mill Hill way, and, when he set up on his own as a chartered accountant and he fast realised his early dreams, we went to a small country house near Beaconsfield.

I began to see that with each step farther away from the modest homeliness of our first house we seemed to be gaining much and losing more. I had never wanted wealth or grandeur. But David lived for it; ambition became an obsession; he changed—not towards me, thank Heaven—but in disposition and outlook.

He became greedy, wanting more and more and never being satisfied, talking of bigger things yet, of power and social contacts, and all the sway money and position would be able to buy.

And I grew afraid as his conceit kept pace with his covetousness, until he belittled even the giant strides he had made and went out of his way to drop old friends and acquaintances of our modest days.

That hurt me. I began to see the red dangers ahead. He came in the end to be blind to everything but stocks and shares, and markets and dividends, and the increase of worldly possessions—while his wife and son were denied his company more and more.

In my misery I went one day back to Wimbledon. I did not use the car which was always at my disposal; I wanted to get away from all that for just a little.

When I arrived at the house which had welcomed us after our honeymoon, I saw that it was for sale, with four agents' boards ornamenting the front railings. I felt desolate. The notices were symbolical to me . . . House for Sale—Home for Sale—Happiness for Sale . . . and I crept into the garden where I wandered about miserably with the ghosts of other days, until I finished up by sitting on the front step, hidden by the porch, and wept bitterly for the happiness that was gone.

That evening I spent alone in my room. Young David was asleep in the nursery; his father was out at "a very important dinner, my dear. It may mean a lot of money to me, you know."

Thinking still of all our yesterdays, I started to rummage among the treasured odds and ends that stood as memorials of my lifetime, and I went back down the years pulling out forgotten photographs and picture-postcards, dolls' frocks I had sewn and embroidered myself and had kept lest there might be another little girl one day who would dress her dolls and sing them to sleep and let me sing with her.

Then I came to the autograph album and fluttered the pages between finger and thumb. A comic drawing attracted my attention and I studied it with pathetic amusement: in the childish handwriting of a boy who had lived next door to me and was going to marry me "when he grew up" was the proud legend: "Picture of an aeroplane just gone out of sight," and above it an empty page.

I harrowed myself turning over each leaf, every one a mental image and a memory, and then I came to the wavering script of an old aunt, long dead. The significance of the words dawned on me as I repeated them over and over, and I found an odd fascination in them:

"*Money lost, nothing lost,*" I read; "*courage lost, much lost; honour lost, more lost; soul lost, all lost.*"

I'll never forget that saying now, so long as I live. Afterwards, I traced them to their source and found they came from an old Dutch traditional maxim.

Late that evening my husband arrived home with one of the financiers he had been drinking with and announced that his friend was staying the night. They were going to sit late thrashing out a scheme for company promotion which would make their fortunes.

As I shook hands with him my heart raced madly and I turned cold—I had seen the face before, only now it was older, the hair was white and a small white moustache adorned his lip.

Instinctively I distrusted the man; I went to bed and lay thinking, and suddenly I remembered where I had seen the features before—on a photograph attached to a confidential report to the department where I was employed as a

(Continued on page 28)

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I RUIN MY HUSBAND—continued from page 26

My Guilty Secret

Government secretary; and the report had dealt with the shady transactions of this man.

I could not sleep for worrying about it. I knew I was not mistaken (actually, that same financier is at the moment serving a long term of imprisonment for "company promotion"), and I trembled for David's safety in case he became so avaricious that he would stoop to "shady" transactions. . . . "Money lost, nothing lost," I recalled; "soul lost, all lost."

Out of all our new acquaintances there was only one to whom I could speak with ease or confidence, in whom I had faith, and who was the only one I could call "friend." He was old, and a widower, and his material success had been tempered by tragedy in his lifetime—first the death of his wife in a boating accident, then the death of his only child, his son and heir, in Switzerland while on a ski-ing holiday.

He was a stockbroker, and he had often helped David, going out of his way to give him tips and advice, ringing him up with news about markets or shares, or getting his confidential secretary to speak for him.

The following day, racked by anxiety, I went to see him at his office. I had been there before, and I was taken to his secretary's room. He happened to be engaged at the time, so his secretary gave me a seat in the small ante-room just off his own room.

The place was stuffy, so after a few moments I rose and opened one of the windows slightly to freshen the atmosphere. Possibly because of the draught thus created, I don't know, the door leading to the sanctum opened on its lock and swung ajar about three inches.

I became aware of the fact that I was listening to a conversation on a telephone, and Mr. P——'s voice rose loudly at times. I could not help hearing him mention big sums of money, then he described a certain large firm, warned his listener that their shares would probably start rising, but to keep off them as he had inside information that they were as ripe and ready for a complete and hopeless smash as any bankrupt concern could possibly be.

Somebody else, not in the know, would be ruined, I told myself bitterly, hating the filthy game of money-making. . . .

Money lost, nothing lost—soul lost, all lost, I thought, and grew angry at the thought of David, disciple of Midas, worshipping money as though it were his god.

Suddenly, in the midst of my turmoil, an idea struck me. I was frightened at first—but desperate. I had come to ask Mr. P—— if he knew anything about David's new friend, but I rose hurriedly, heard the conversation still proceeding, and slipped into the outer office.

I told his secretary that I couldn't wait, that I'd ring him later, and not to tell him I had called as I wanted it to be a surprise for him. She agreed with a smile, and I departed.

All the afternoon I wandered round the shops, miserable and depressed. In the evening, when David came home to dinner—an occasion becoming rarer and rarer—I braced myself to tell him that I had a good tip from Mr. P——, and to buy up the shares. I wanted him to burn his fingers; I wanted him to lose his money; I wanted him to be robbed of his wealth so that he would be saved for me—and for himself.

I was almost fanatical with the desire, and had not even tried to contemplate the consequences. I became cunning in my mind, and I decided that I'd tell him I had overheard Mr. P—— advising a client on the telephone, so that David could not consult him about the matter.

And then the miracle happened. I'll always call it a miracle. Elated, confident, David confided to me that his financier friend had a wonderful scheme concerning a certain company, and that he, David, was going to buy up all he could. There was a fortune in the deal—and then he named the company, and I thought I was going to faint.

It was the one I had heard being denounced.

Should I tell—or should I remain dumb? I know I was mad that night, but I was gambling with happiness. I thought that the only way to get back our happiness was to lose our money, because money lost was nothing lost. For good or bad I held my tongue. Call me Judas, call me wicked. The stakes were high, but I plunged. It was kill or cure—salvage or ruination.

Days passed in agony and silence. Then, one evening, much earlier than usual, I heard the car draw up outside, the door slam, and my husband's key scrape in the lock. It seemed ages before I heard his feet in the hall.

When he opened the door of the sitting-room he still had his hat and coat on. He stared at me so strangely that I could scarcely suppress a scream.

White-faced, with shadows under his eyes, broken and unnerved, he slouched towards me. Before I knew what was happening he had slumped to his knees and was burying his face in my lap.

"We're ruined," he whispered with a sob. "Everything's gone, my dear—everything. I—I—can't face it."

A great wave of thankfulness swept over me. He had come to me in his trouble. My heart went out to him; I tried to comfort him, made him see that he still had his health and his brains, that he still had me and young David and his life in front of him, and that I would help him through everything.

He was big enough to fight. And the only thing he lost in the battle was his love for money and power.

To-day he is secretary of a company in a South-Coast town. We live in a pretty cottage on the outskirts, facing the sea, and we are immensely happy together.

Just the other day David found my album among some books on my bedroom tallboy. "Funny thing to keep next to your Bible," he said with a boyish grin, and glanced through it. Soon he was sitting on the edge of the bed, chuckling as he turned over the pages, reading out tit-bits, and now and again laughing gleefully. Presently, while I brushed my hair in front of the dressing-table, I heard him say slowly:

"*Money lost, nothing lost; courage lost, much lost; honour lost, more lost; soul lost, all lost.*"

He was silent for a moment. I held my breath, not daring to turn round. Then he exclaimed:

"Gosh, but it's true, old girl. What a world of drama in those few words!"

I managed to say "Yes!" and when I looked at him, still sitting on the bed, everything was blurred. I knew my gamble had won.

"The Greatest of These—"

In ARREARS with LUCK

JIMMY is the youngest of a family of ten children, eight of whom are still at home. Unfortunately, only two of them are in work, a girl who brings home 15s. a week and a boy who contributes 8s. 6d. Two are on the "dole." It is not for want of trying that they cannot get work. The remaining four are of school age.

The weekly rent, which is 15s. 8d., is about a month in arrears, and most of their possessions, including the wedding ring, are waiting to be redeemed from pawn. "How I have managed to keep my home together, I don't know," said Jimmy's father. "I have had to sell what few things I had to live."

The main cause of the very straitened circumstances in Jimmy's home is that last year four of the family contracted smallpox, and were all taken away in one day to the isolation hospital, where they remained for nine weeks. And then Jimmy developed diphtheria, and had to be visited each day by his parents.

So, although Jimmy's father was at one time able to earn a living as a street trader in the greengrocery line, to meet expenses entailed through illness, his stock was used up, and he has been unable to replenish it, though he possesses the necessary scales and barrow.

Jimmy

"I have one of the best wives who ever put a boot on," said Jimmy's father, and her condition, she suffers from sugar diabetes, coupled with the poverty of the household, has made him very despondent. They are so badly off that a pair of one of the children's shoes had to remain at the cobbler's six weeks, because the 1s. 6d. charged for repairs could not be paid.

Jimmy's father knows that this unhappy state of things could be altered if he had the wherewithal to purchase a good stock to start him on his rounds.

All donations sent by readers earmarked "Jimmy" will be used for this useful purpose, and, as in the case of subscriptions to the general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application

Race with "Silver Ring"

Note Adriatic

NOMINATIONS for the last batch of Spring handicaps are highly satisfactory. The Flat season of 1935 promises to be the best of recent years.

I note that Newbury and Kempton Park are inaugurating new races to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of H.M. the King.

The Silver Coronation Cup race will be run at the Berkshire meeting in April and the Royal Silver Jubilee Handicap at Kempton in May.

The King's horse, Slam, has been entered for the handicap.

British Quota, one of my long-shots for the Lincolnshire Handicap, paid forfeit, and I shall take Adriatic to replace him.

By the Derby winner Sansovino, Peacock's charge can boast a touch of class, and I rate him nicely in with 7 st. 12 lb.

White Bud, King of Clubs, and Jerome Fandor, all Lincolnshire winners, trained in the North, had nothing like Adriatic's credentials.

It will be recollected that his last two races were victories. He beat a useful field at Castle Irwell on the second day of the meeting, and repeated the dose the following day, with a 5 lb. penalty up.

By the way, I mentioned last week that there were no "crocks" in the Carholme race, but have since discovered that Sublime Prince is subject to breaking blood-vessels!

I do not think he will beat his stable companion, Commander III.

The racing is at Kempton Park this week-end. On the Sunbury course, Tapinois, Kentapelle and New Era appear to be worthy of support.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 21, to Wednesday, February 27.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: SP9498F94W would read AVENGER. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. D94Z29597W9894 would read MELLBURNE.

"Melt-in-the-mouth" Lemon Meringue Pie is easy

. . when you know the Pastry Foundation Recipes

Pastry making is not the terrifying bogey many women believe it to be. Failures often occur because the cook lacks knowledge of what *not* to do, and this knowledge is quite as important as knowing the right ingredients. That is one of the many reasons why experienced cooks, as well as beginners, will find the Stork Cookery Book—"Secrets of Lighter Pastry and Better Cakes"—a gold mine of helpful information. In this unusual book the essential Foundation Recipes for Cakes, Pastry and Puddings are shown clearly and simply, and with the help of this book any woman can quickly become an expert and individual cook. With it, too, comes a special little book of delicious icings. Cut out the voucher below and send for your FREE copy now!

Lemon Meringue Pie

made from the Stork Cookery Book

Use the Stork Foundation Recipe for Rough Puff Pastry. Line round tin with pastry. Bake pastry 20 minutes at Regulo Mark 7, fill with lemon curd and spread meringue over. Turn Regulo to Mark 1 and bake for 30 minutes to set the meringue.

New price applies only to Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

STORK MARGARINE 6d per lb.

A GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

VOUCHER—FREE RECIPE BOOK!

Fill in your name and address, cut out this voucher and post it to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. 20, Unilever House, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d.-stamped envelope.

Name .....

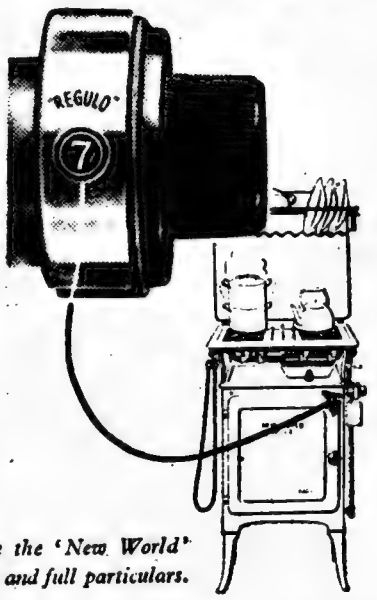
Address .....

JS 450-71-68 (Please write in block letters)

"I've stopped cooking by guess work!"

"THAT NEW gas cooker we bought is a wonder. The heat is controlled automatically. You don't have to guess at it yourself, by adjusting the tap continually. And the work it saves! You can even cook a complete dinner without attention. On the side of the cooker there's the 'Regulo' which you turn to a number. Then you put *all* the dishes into the oven *at the same time*. After that your dinner cooks itself. My dinner is cooking at home now, while I am out shopping. At quarter to twelve I put in fish, joint, vegetables and a sweet. At one o'clock I shall go back home and there they will be, ready to serve—beautifully cooked too!

"Why don't *you* get one of these 'New World' Gas Cookers? The oven is specially designed and is fitted with the 'Regulo' oven heat control. You can get a Radiation cookery book which gives you dozens of menus to choose from. Simply choose the meal you fancy and set the 'Regulo' dial to the number given in the book. The man at the gas showrooms told me that the secret of it is that the oven gives different zones of heat suitable for different dishes and the 'Regulo' keeps the heat in these zones just right."



Go to your gas showrooms and ask to see the 'New World' or post coupon below for free recipe booklet and full particulars.

THE 'REGULO' oven heat control is fitted only to the

COUPON FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

To: Radiation Ltd. (Publications Dept. 54/5A), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send your free Recipe Book.

Name .....

Address .....

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Radiation

NEW WORLD GAS COOKER

Our Joan's so strong and sturdy now since we changed to Rowntree's!
Read this Mother's letter below
RUN ALONG JOAN AND MEET YOUR FATHER.
OH! I FEEL SO TIRED MUMMY.
LATER
I SPOKE TO THAT NURSE ABOUT JOAN — SHE ADVISED ME TO GIVE HER ROWNTREE'S COCOA. SHE SAID IT HELPS DIGESTION AND GIVES YOU MORE GOOD FROM FOOD
SHE NEEDS SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THE NURSE WAS RIGHT MOTHER — IT'S MADE A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE SINCE WE'VE CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S
Joan's strong and sturdy now!
writes Mrs. BARKER 62 Cardigan Street, Derby.
"We had such trouble with Joan. She had no strength and got ill so often yet she ate her food. I was worried. Then one day a nurse advised us to try her on Rowntree's. She said Rowntree's helps digestion and makes you get more good from food. You should have seen the difference. Joan's so strong and sturdy now."
ROWNTREE'S ELECT COCOA
FREE Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. XD4, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet, which includes many children's gifts.
5½d. per ¼-lb. tin
½-lb. tin, 10d.
ROWNTREE'S COCOA
ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

NOBODY'S BUSINESS . .

Or, Should the Candid Friend Tell?

"Now she is friendly with a man who is no good, and never will be"

MY dictionary describes interference as "the practice of a busybody—a meddling person." I don't agree with that definition. It may be true of *unwarranted* interference. It does apply to those folk who "push their noses" into concerns which have nothing whatever to do with them. But there is an interference that is not only justifiable, but a duty. Take the case of a father who sees his son making a fool of himself or—well, here is a problem which has just reached me:

"I am a married man with six little ones," this man writes. "I have troubles of my own, for owing to illness and bad trade I have been out of work a great deal during the last few years. And yet I have shared and borne the troubles of a young widowed sister who has been left with four children. Now she has become friendly with a man who I know is no good, nor ever will be. His wife left him through ill-treatment, and he wrecked the home of a young couple in Birmingham by inducing the wife to go away with him.

"Within three weeks this poor girl was even begging old shoes and food, as he left her stranded. Then someone found out her home address, and her parents came and took her back. I warned my sister of the type of man she is associating with, but she takes no notice. It is causing me sleepless nights, because I know there is trouble ahead for her while this association lasts. She will not be the only sufferer—it will be the four children as well."

Now, we live in a free country. That statement will, I know, be challenged. But in one respect it is certainly true. If people want to make fools of themselves nobody can prevent them. This woman is in that position. She is not a child and cannot be dictated to as to what friendships she must form. Indeed, to adopt that attitude might simply add fuel to the fire.

THIS does not mean that my correspondent must stand by and do nothing. As her brother, it is his duty to try and save her from the fate that has befallen the other women. But it does mean that he will have to use a great deal of tact. Kindly but firmly let him point out to her how foolishly she is acting. Let him warn her that if she persists in her madness she can expect no more help from him.

My correspondent may already have taken these steps without any result. If that is so, can he enlist the aid of someone who has more influence with his sister? Very often the advice of an outsider is taken when that from a member of the family is ignored. Apart from these things, there seems nothing else that can be done. Before anything serious happens, however, I hope that this woman will discover the man's habits and disposition, and that she will "drop" him before unhappiness comes to her and her children.

And it is the desire of helping and not interfering that animates the sender of my next problem:

"I know a girl of twenty-six, and we have been dear friends since our schooldays. Last year, when she was recovering from a very unhappy love-affair, she met a bachelor of thirty-eight and fell passionately in love with him. He seems to reciprocate, but although they have been going out together three or four times a week for over eight months he has never actually told her he loves her, and yet she admits that he makes violent love to her. She is quite happy fondly imagining that sooner or later he will declare his love and that everything will then be well.

"My problem is this: I have actually heard this man declare on several occasions that he will never marry my friend as he is not in love with her, and I also know that he frequently takes other girls about. The heartbreaking part of it is that my friend thinks of nothing and no one else. Should I leave her in her fool's paradise to be happy while she can, or tell her what I know and show her how unworthy of her love this man is?"

This is indeed a very delicate problem. It does not arise from gossip or hearsay evidence. My correspondent has "actually heard this man declare" that he has no intention of marrying her friend.

One thing I am not told—my correspondent gives no indication as to how well she knows the man in question. It is obvious that she must see him fairly often to have heard the remark attributed to him. I think, therefore, that she would be quite justified in speaking to him on the matter. She can put it quite frankly in this way:

"I know you have been taking my friend out a great deal, and yet I have heard you say you have no intention of marrying her. That is simply your business and hers, and I have no wish to interfere. But, because I am so attached to my girl friend, I want to spare her the repetition of an unhappy experience she had a little while ago. It is not fair for you to trifle with her when you have no serious intentions."

That may be the means of making him see the harm he is doing. It may be that he does not know the girl is taking him seriously.

MY next problem is in strange contrast to this one. It comes from a man who is anxious that his brother should take unto himself a wife. He says:

"My brother, who is in the late thirties, is of a retiring disposition and not very progressive so far as women are concerned. Since the beginning of last year old friends of the family have been frequent visitors to the house, and their daughter, who is only in the middle twenties, has naturally been seeing my brother during these visits and has developed an affection for him. He also appears to appreciate her company, but owing to his shyness there seems no hope of romance developing.

"As both families would be pleased to hear of the couple's engagement, every opportunity is put in their way, but this shyness is apparently a stumbling-block to further progress. My people cannot do more without appearing to want my brother off their hands, and as his only brother and married, I have been asked to do what I can to encourage him to 'pop the question.'

"Now, if there was not such a big difference between their ages I should have had no problem, but this difference, as most married people realise, can become a great danger to happiness in married life, and if their two lives were wrecked I should feel as though I had been the cause. As I like the girl and my brother and I have always been good pals, I hate to think that this might happen. I feel I would like to help them to happiness, and would like to know what you suggest."

THERE is an old proverb that says "Matchmakers often burn their fingers." If the marriage is successful his contribution is conveniently forgotten, but if it is not, then he gets the blame, and plenty of it. My correspondent naturally wants his brother to find happiness. But there is only one way by which this can be secured. Let this couple be thrown into the company of each other as much as possible, and, as José Collins used to sing in "The Maid of the Mountains," "Love will find a way."

Now, with regard to the matter of age, I think I can quickly set my correspondent's mind at rest. In my opinion, a happy marriage is built up when the two people concerned share similar views and tastes. A difference in years does not matter providing, of course, it is not one of those stupid affairs when May marries December. I have known many happy marriages where the husband has been several years older than the wife, and vice versa.

Age is not a matter of years, but of spirit. One of the oldest men I know is still in his "twenties," and one of the youngest is well on the wrong side of fifty. I gather that there is a difference of twelve or fourteen years between the couple mentioned by my correspondent. That need cause no difficulty when once they realise that they were made for each other.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted by

Philip Inman

The beauty treatment she trusts

THERE is no need for elaborate, expensive treatments to attain the precious bloom of youth. The secret lies in the natural cleansing of *soap and water* because the right soap can be a beauty treatment in itself.

This is the declared opinion of 20,000 beauty specialists. The right soap, they maintain, must be made primarily of pure *Olive Oil*, because olive oil is the most trustworthy guardian of youthful beauty.

Palmolive is a natural soap containing palm and olive oils, and its characteristic green colour is entirely due to these natural oils. You will find *your* skin will respond readily to Palmolive's rich, abundant lather.

3D PER TABLET

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

Men are Fascinated by Sparkling White Teeth

Start brushing your teeth with Kolynos. In a few days they will look shades whiter and feel much cleaner. Here is the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpaste cannot do. As it cleans away ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus KOLYNOS gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using the Kolynos technique—a half-inch of this remarkable tooth paste on a dry brush twice a day. It is the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth. Try it. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

NOW 1/- (formerly 1/6)

NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

"I kept the home lovely but . . . my husband got restless"

"Housework made me so **TIRED**
"and run-down looking—
"Thank goodness I did something

" We live in an awkward house — lots of stairs, and soot settling on everything. But ever since we were married, I've taken a pride in keeping the home lovely. I even soda the bath every day. . . . Last winter all my strength seemed to go. I got tired right out — the sort of tiredness when you just want to drop. But I had to keep going.

Suddenly my husband changed

Then suddenly I noticed that my husband was less interested in the home. Being run-down made me look tired and 'drawn.' He was restless, fiddled with the wireless.

Thank goodness I was sensible about it. No use blaming him. The truth is that any man gets tired of a tired-out wife. I'd known about Hall's Wine for ending tiredness ever since my mother was so run-down after her illness. The very first bottle of Hall's Wine seemed to pour new life into me. I was my old self again, looking years younger, all my tiredness gone." Mrs. B.G., London, N.W.3.

Nurses use Hall's Wine

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives you. Hundreds of letters (open to inspection) from nurses prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

Your need after Coughs and Colds.
Quick, new strength

After Coughs and Colds, doctors and nurses recommend Hall's Wine for quick, safe convalescence. Also after Influenza, Nerve Troubles, Bronchitis or Operations.

What a different state of affairs in this home—

QUICKLY NOW GET IN TO BED, DADDY'S JUST COMING HOME...
YOU'RE A MIRACLE BETTY -THE TWO KIDDIES TO LOOK AFTER AS WELL AS ALL THE HOUSE-WORK—YET YOU'RE STILL FULL OF 'GO' WHEN I GET HOME
NURSE SMITH'S TO THANK FOR THAT WHEN I WAS SO BADLY RUN-DOWN SHE TOLD ME TO TAKE HALL'S WINE. THOSE TWO WINEGLASS-FULS EVERY DAY REALLY KEEP ME ON TOP
Hall's

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

Yes, *you* can surprise—and delight—him at every meal! And it's so easy — the very same Quaker Oats you use for breakfast every morning is all you need!

You can begin with soups—make them all more nourishing, creamier, more delicious, just by stirring in a little *Quick* Quaker Oats while your soup is cooking—allowing about a dessertspoonful per person. The *Quick* Quaker melts straight away into the soup, for the oats are cut, rolled thin, and already partially cooked.

Then improve your Irish stews, Lancashire Hot Pot and many other familiar dishes in the same way—use Quaker Oats, too, in making biscuits and cakes—he'll soon start complimenting you on your cooking.

And, after all, what can be more nourishing than the world's finest Oats—and what cheaper, with the packets now costing only 4d. and 8½d.:

Here's a simple recipe:

QUAKER OATS FINGERS

Mix in a saucepan over a small flame:

½ lb. margarine or butter
1 breakfastcupful of brown cooking sugar
1 dessertspoonful of treacle
2 breakfastcupfuls of Quick *Quaker Oats*

Spread the mixture in a flat tin, bake for ½ hour, turn out and cut into fingers when cold. A few drops of almond flavouring can be added if liked.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker
MADE IN CANADA
Quaker Oats Ltd., London

A Mighty PAGEANT *Fiasco*

OVER six months have gone by since the great Runnymede Pageant ended, and the local hospitals who had been promised financial assistance from the proceeds have asked what contribution to their funds was likely to be forthcoming.

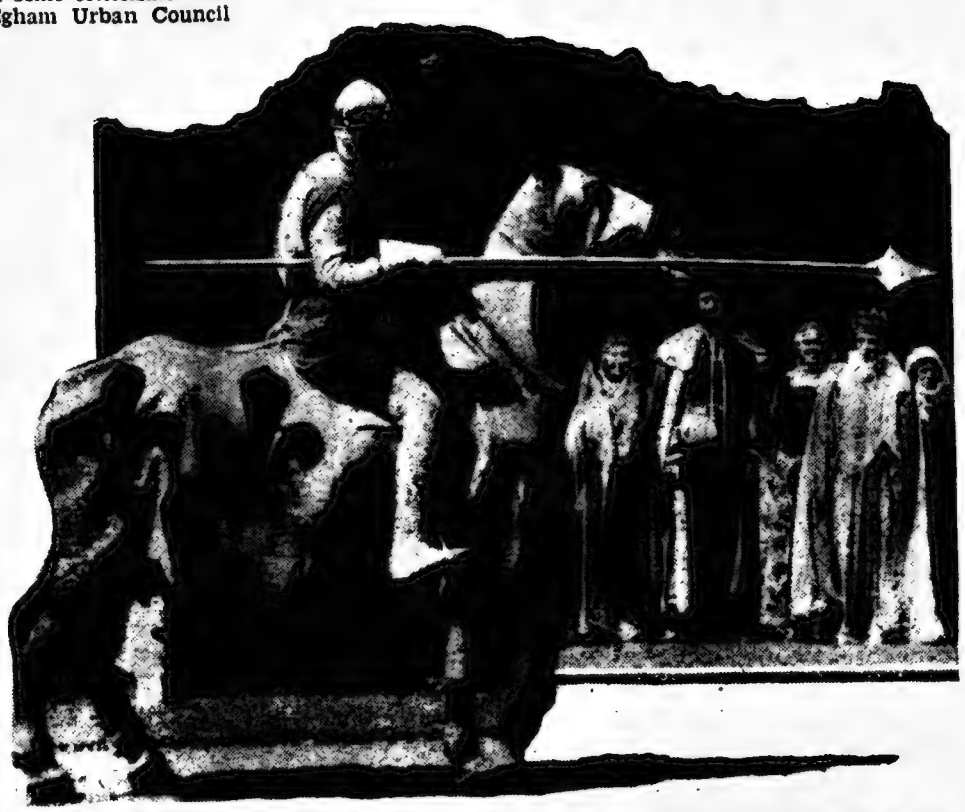
The reply is "nothing," which is a somewhat staggering blow to those institutions which had every reason to hope for considerable financial aid from this source. And so far many interested people have sought to obtain a balance-sheet in vain.

In May last, Lady de Chair, honorary organiser and chairman of the executive committee of the Runnymede Pageant, answered some criticisms of a member of the Egham Urban Council who had suggested that the Pageant was not organised to help hospitals but to put dividends into the pockets of shareholders of a limited company.

Lady de Chair was righteously indignant and accused the critics of trying to wreck the Pageant.

"The money will go," said her Ladyship, "to Egham, Frimley and Staines Hospital, and to add a wing to the Windsor Hospital."

Unfortunately, in spite of the fine public spirit and tremendously hard work of Lady de Chair and her committee, the admitted success of this great Runnymede Show, not a farthing has gone to the hospitals mentioned, nor is there the remotest possibility of the promised new wing to the Windsor Hospital ever materialising from contributions coming from the Pageant.



A hundred thousand people paid to see the Runnymede Pageant, one of the scenes of which is here shown in rehearsal

IN a foreword to the souvenir programme, Lady Enid de Chair wrote: "Should anyone be tempted to doubt that the British still exhibit the splendid qualities of their ancestors, such as courage, initiative, endurance, generosity and unselfish devotion in the cause of charity . . . let him or her become the hon. organiser of a big pageant.

"We all know that the entire profits go to hospitals and charities in the districts . . ."

So in this enthusiastic way the organiser went on to thank all those who had given their services and loaned materials for the great show.

These thanks were well deserved, for no fewer than six thousand people gave their services free, and the majority provided their own costumes. Poor people saved up money to buy the material from which they made their costumes, and paid their fares to and from Runnymede for the fourteen performances.

The amount of voluntary help given by private individuals and business concerns was astonishing in its generosity.

Miss Gwen Lally, who acted as Pageant Master, did not of course, give her services free, which was not to be expected.

The Thames Conservancy loaned launches and a raft, the National Trust gave permission for the use of the ground, Captain Bertram Mills, of circus fame, loaned horses and vehicles.

Coaches, hounds, furniture and a thousand things that went to make the Runnymede Pageant a success were loaned or given to the organisers, who were doubtless convinced that local hospitals would benefit from their generosity.

These kind-hearted people were doubtless terribly disappointed that the Pageant which was such a success, judged by attendances, should prove a dismal failure so far as its declared object of rendering financial assistance to the hospitals was concerned.

The Pageant ran from June 9 to June 16 in a perfect blaze of publicity. Among the patrons were His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Alice and the Countess and Earl of Athlone, the vice-presidents, and notabilities by the score.

Everything, in fact, was set fair for success, and the Lord Mayor of London and the Mayors of many cities and towns went down by river from Windsor to Runnymede for the State opening of the Pageant.

It was reported that 100,000 people had paid for admittance sums ranging from 1s. 6d. to a guinea, and there was no doubt that the organisers were completely satisfied with the result of their efforts

It is not surprising that the local hospitals looked forward with optimism for the benefits which they had been promised. Yet after months of waiting that optimism has given way to bitter disappointment. The promised new wing for the Windsor Hospital is as far away as ever.

Recently, following the criticisms and impatience expressed locally, the following statement was issued by the organiser:—

"Hospitals and institutions in Windsor, Egham and Staines are continually asking what has become of the money which they have been led to expect would be allocated to them.

"All I can tell them is that £1,400 is lying on deposit at the bank waiting for them—or for the Excise authorities."

This is a surprising statement for many reasons. Chiefly because the sum of £1,400 is so absurdly small compared with the talk of a new wing for the Windsor Hospital, among other things.

That such a huge and successful pageant should have yielded only this small profit is astonishing in view of the admittance charges and the amount of voluntary help, loans and gifts given by generous-hearted people, who were doubtless convinced that they were helping the hospitals.

The fact that the Excise office are likely to claim this sum by way of Entertainment Tax should not surprise either Lady de Chair or the members of the Pageant Finance Committee.

To suggest that because this sum of £1,400 may have to be paid in taxation, therefore the hospitals who were to benefit are to get nothing, is hardly a satisfactory method of meeting criticism.

The plain facts are that the Pageant of Runnymede was organised in the sweet name of Charity, and in view of its undoubted success, and the published promises, we can only urge the committee to produce a balance-sheet.

Candidly, our sympathies are with Lady de Chair. There can be no question that she and those with her are as disappointed as we are at this fiasco, but this is the only way of dealing with criticism. The thousands who gave their services and goods free, and the thousands who paid to see the show under the impression that local hospitals were to benefit, have a right to know how things stand.

THIS matter is particularly urgent in view of the fact that a new pageant to celebrate the Royal Silver Jubilee is now being organised, to be held at Langley Park, near Slough.

We note that the profits of this coming show are also to be devoted to the hospitals in the district, including the King Edward the VII Hospital, Windsor. In this case we can only hope that the local hospitals will not be so terribly disappointed as they were by the results of the Runnymede Pageant.

Perhaps it would be a wise course for the promoters of the new pageant to guarantee the hospitals a definite sum. Then those deserving institutions would at least be sure of some financial gain from the use of their name by the pageant promoters.

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Who would think that such a simple thing as an apple could put stains on teeth! Yet apples do. And so do all the other foods we eat. All told, our daily diet leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth.

Many toothpastes fail to remove all seven stains—because they have only one kind of cleansing action. And *all* stains simply will not yield to any one action.

Colgate's cleans teeth beautifully, brilliantly, *completely*—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First, an *emulsive* action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle, *polishing* action, that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left. What a difference those TWO cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats & other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Beverages.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Vegetables.
7. Tobacco smoke.

TWO SIZES 6D & 1/-

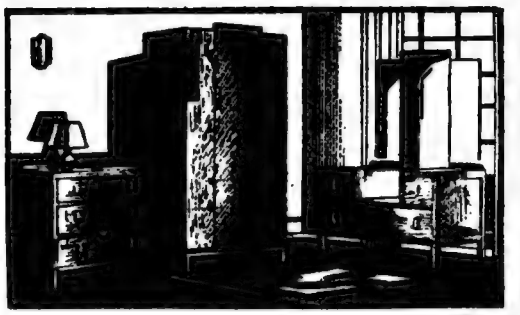
CLAUDE HULBERT & ENID TREVOR

talking to you

Enid:

Jay's value, my dear Claude, is really worth broadcasting

Claude: Oh yes, of course, darling, by Jove Yes . . . simply amazing . . . a palatial room full of furniture for 2/6 a week; it's absurd, isn't it?
Enid: Don't talk nonsense; you know perfectly well Jay's have a really sumptuous selection of beautiful FURNITURE . . . that's why I think we ought to tell everybody to go there.
Claude: Yes, Yes . . . of course, dear, of course. . . .
Enid: Quite apart from giving a Free Gift to everybody who spends £10 they allow 200 weeks to pay.
Claude: Do they really. By Jove! Well, I shall certainly advise everybody to send the Coupon for the Catalogue.
Enid: And who asked you to give advice?
Claude: Nobody, darling . . . But like the Catalogue . . . it's FREE!



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200 WEEKS TO PAY AT JAY'S

WORTH WEEKLY		WORTH WEEKLY	
£20...	2/-	£50...	5/-
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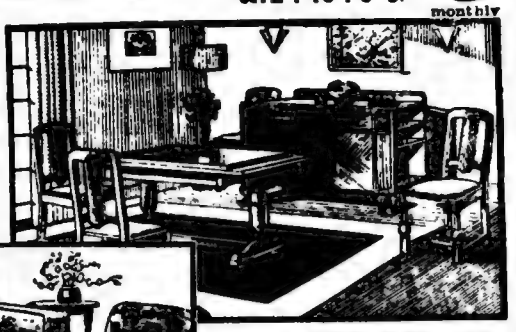

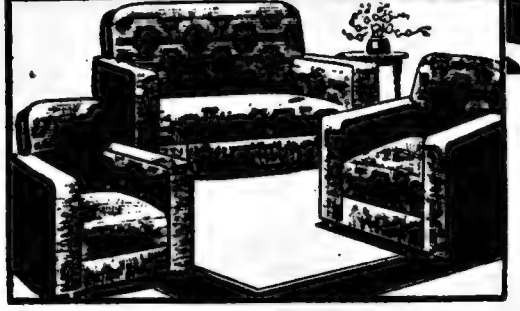

(Above)—**A Beautiful Oak Dining-room Suite.** Sideboard has right-hand drawer, baize-lined and divided for cutlery. Cupboard at each end fitted with 2 shelves. Shelf in large front cupboard. **£14.14.0** *or* 7/- monthly

(Left)—**3-piece Tapestry Suite** made for luxurious ease. A lovely, well-made suite at a very moderate price. **£12.10.0** *or* 7/- monthly

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FREE Please send me your Beautiful Photographic Catalogue.

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Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope.

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Plymouth 7/9 The Octagon, Union St
Portsmouth 219/223 Commercial Rd
Reading • • 47 Minster Street
Rochdale • • 8/10 Baillie Street
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Scarborough • 6 Aberdeen Walk
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Sheffield 42/44 London Rd (The Moor)
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BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

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For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

TO STOP A COUGH QUICKLY take 'Pineate'

Economy "The Tiny Dose"

BRAND HONEY SYRUP

1/6 a bottle from your chemist

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," *writes Miss D. Bell.* "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. **Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff.** Also my hair, which was growing grey, resumed its natural colour."

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TRUE HAIR GROWER

quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of scurf and quickens slow growth.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
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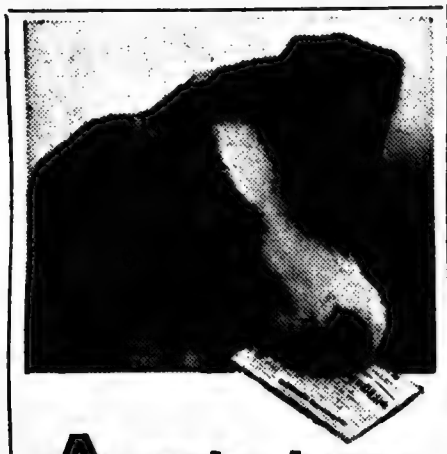

A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's

"Everybody admires my dog's lovely silky coat," writes Miss E. M. Ormsby, of Maghull, Lancs. "He has never been ill and he owes his perfect health and beautiful appearance to the regular conditioning he gets every week-end with Bob Martin's Condition Powders."

IF you want *your* dog to be healthy and happy—free from such blood disorders as listlessness and eczema—you must condition him correctly. If you neglect him, impurities collect in his blood and poison his whole system. Begin now to condition your dog correctly, with a Bob Martin's Condition Powder at morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday. Then he will always be perfectly fit, and grow the lovely, lustrous coat which Nature intended him to have.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**

— 9 *powders* 6d.; 21 *powders* 1/- —

Phensic BRAND TABLETS

COLDS & CHILLS cured OVERNIGHT

"I had a bad Influenza Cold," writes Mr. R. of Liverpool, "and in conjunction with a glass of hot lemonade took two tablets of Phensic on going to bed, and was delighted with the result. The cold had entirely gone the following morning."

Be prepared against INFLUENZA, COLDS, HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., etc.

3d. is all you need spend to try the quickest, safest pain-killer known to medicine. This wonderful discovery of a famous London Doctor is now obtainable in 3d. and 6d. sizes. Phensic breaks up the worst attacks of Colds and Influenza with certainty and safety. Your head becomes clear, fever disappears almost at once and vitality is restored. Ask for Phensic to-day.

PHENSIC is now within the reach of everyone!

3D, 6D, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3d. Packet contains Two Full Doses (Sold Everywhere)

The King—BIRD LOVER

IF you were to stand outside the King's study at Buckingham Palace at almost any hour of the day, you would hear occasional bursts of derisive laughter that would strike you as very out of place in the atmosphere of bustle and efficiency of the Court.

Looking through a half-open door you would observe that this ribaldry doesn't upset the King in the slightest. He writes away at his desk without paying the slightest attention to it, and not even when the other occupant of the room issues sharp and peremptory orders that you would think no one dare address to a King does His Majesty look up from his desk, except to smile.

In fact, he made very little protest when the owner of this raucous voice suddenly decided to nip a lump out of his hand—and bit deep enough to draw blood.

For the strange friend towards which the King shows so much indulgence is nothing more than a parakeet—a greyish ball of fluff, with quizzical eyes and deadly beak, which the King has grown to regard as an inseparable companion.

Polly the pet

His Majesty's affection for "Polly"—an affection that is more than reciprocated—is a thing the secretaries of the Palace would marvel at, if they didn't know what a big place there is in his heart for feathered friends of every kind.

Wherever the Royal Family moves—to Windsor, to Sandringham, even to Newmarket, where the King goes into residence three times a year for a few days of racing—there are bird-pals awaiting him, although none of them so dear to his heart as Polly! That bird, as brazen as an image and as perky as a peacock, is the most constant companion His Majesty has ever found outside human circles.

When he goes to his study in the morning it is waiting for him on its perch in the middle of the room, shrieking out its "Hullo!" and "Scratch poor Polly!" Although the pet of a monarch, it is no more distinguished in speech than any other bird of the parrot type. In fact, its "Well, well, well!" is by far its crowning achievement.

Round the Palace

It will not give a moment's quiet until its pedestal is moved and it touches the Royal desk, on which it will often strut for a few moments until reprimanded for its impertinence.

But the biggest joy of its day comes when the King has to go to work in another part of the Palace, and gives the sign, by detaching it from its perch, that he intends to take it with him.

It flutters with mad excitement until it sees the King open the ample pocket of his lounge jacket. Then, in a second, it is inside, trampling down a warm nest for itself and then pushing its head outside to watch the world with an enquiring air as the King walks from room to passage and passage to room again on his way through the Palace.

One of the King's pet varieties—love birds, "which seem to spend the whole day whispering to each other"

The King's love of parrots and parakeets is a sailor's love of talking birds of all kinds. It has persisted since he first sailed the world as a "middy," as keen on a voluble parrot in a cage as any man on the lower deck. Never since those far-off days has he been without one.

His first he brought home as a youth in a cage that swung from his hand, to the horror of Queen Victoria.

And "Polly" isn't the only one he has even now.

There is also at the Palace a scarlet-chested parakeet of a species that is almost extinct, a bird of greater beauty than the other parakeet, but of a more melancholy appearance. And no wonder—for it is a widow.

A very tragic widow, too, for when its husband was alive there were only two other pairs in the country. Now one pair only is left.

This parakeet has forgotten many of the sayings with which it used to delight the Royal Family. Age has given it a greater love of sleep, so that it prefers to survey the world through one sleepy eye, with the other resting until something occurs to stir it to excitement.

Like cages

And one such moment is when the King calls on it. Although never quite as firm a friend of His Majesty as "Polly," it has nevertheless always preferred his strokings and intimate talks to those of anybody else in the Palace.

At Windsor there are several big cages of birds of the colony type, which are happiest in sharing a cage in large numbers. The King likes that type, because he is never happy in the company of a small bird in solitary occupancy of a tiny cage in which it can hardly flutter.

That has given him his preference for budgerigars, the tiny, parrot-like lovebirds that pair off into courting couples and seem to spend the whole day whispering to each other.

For one thing, they are Australian, and he always prefers birds he has seen and admired on his many extensive Empire travellings. For another, they undoubtedly enjoy cage life. Even in the wild state they like to find out some place of confinement in an old tree or pocket in a rock, crowding in on the principle of "the more the merrier."

His biggest collection is to be found in his private apartments at Newmarket, fifty dazzling little specimens, including some that look like peppermints, others sunsets, and a few of them rainbows rolled up into a ball!

Yet, although the King is one of the greatest bird-lovers in the country, and has many rare birds which collectors envy him, he makes a point of never showing at cage-bird shows, despite the strenuous efforts that have been made to entice him.

He looks on his birds as his own little friends—and one doesn't make a practice of putting one's friends on show for prizes.

With pigeons it is different—and that brings up another of his interests in feathered friends.

Although the King has only a hundred or so homing pigeons nowadays, all of which he keeps at Sandringham Lodge, he still counts as one of the most enthusiastic pigeon fanciers in the whole country.

Near his lofts is a stone seat reserved for the special use of himself and his friends when his pigeons are taking part in a race, and there, his glasses in his hand and his eyes searching the heavens, he sits waiting for his birds to return, showing that exuberant interest in learning the times they have "put up" that he displays when racing in his yacht *Britannia*.

And never far away is Mr. Jones, who is in charge of his lofts. Once schoolmaster in the village school of Sandringham, when he helped many young members of the Royal Family with their lessons, Mr. Jones looks after the birds in his retirement and regards the winning of a race by one of the King's birds as one of the happiest events in his life.

War service

And His Majesty's pigeons have often distinguished themselves from the time when, in 1899, the King was Duke of York, one of his birds was third in the national championship until last year, when another of his pigeons was first in the East Midland section of the King's Cup race from Berwick.

But in His Majesty's eyes those that distinguished themselves most were those selected to give messenger service in France to our troops.

Such is his love for birds that he felt for every one of the thousands of feathered messengers that died behind the lines, a victim of enemy bullets. And his immense hatred of war was enhanced in consequence.

For the King loves his little feathered friends. And all those birds that have the intelligence to show it let him know that they love him, too.

40 Mysteries

THAT JOHN BULL readers like a good mystery story is strongly evidenced by their instantaneous and overwhelming demand for "The Great Book of Thrillers"—JOHN BULL's mighty new Gift Presentation to its readers. If you haven't already applied you should take advantage of the further opportunity given on pages 4 and 5 at once.

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The forty stories are masterpieces by best-selling authors.

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TOOK DRUGS FOR 30 YEARS, THEN CEREAL BROUGHT RELIEF

This User Endorses ALL-BRAN for Constipation.

If you suffer from headaches, loss of appetite and energy or any other of the frequent effects of constipation, read this voluntary letter:

"After taking pills and tablets for about thirty years for constipation, I started to take your ALL-BRAN three times a day according to directions. To-day I can eat cheese, and that is binding, and certainly feel fine."—Mr. E. F.

Science says ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to exercise the intestines and vitamin B to further aid regular habits. In addition, ALL-BRAN is rich in blood-building iron.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables. Inside the body, it forms a soft mass which gently clears the intestines of wastes.

Isn't this pleasant "cereal way" far more healthful than using patent medicines—so often habit-forming?

Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily. In serious cases, with each meal. If not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Look for the name Kellogg on every packet. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.

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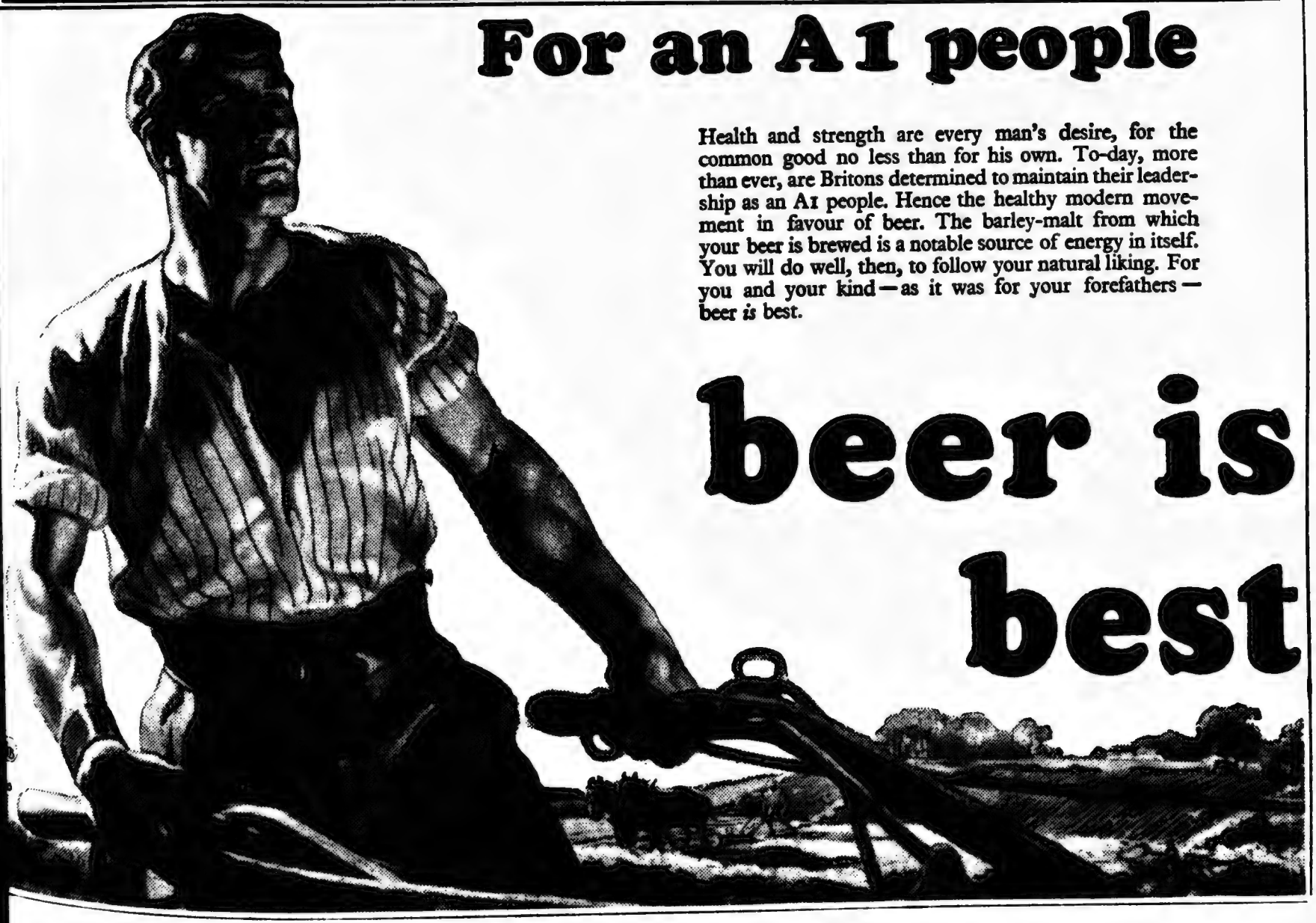
For an A1 people



Health and strength are every man's desire, for the common good no less than for his own. To-day, more than ever, are Britons determined to maintain their leadership as an A1 people. Hence the healthy modern movement in favour of beer. The barley-malt from which your beer is brewed is a notable source of energy in itself. You will do well, then, to follow your natural liking. For you and your kind—as it was for your forefathers—beer *is* best.

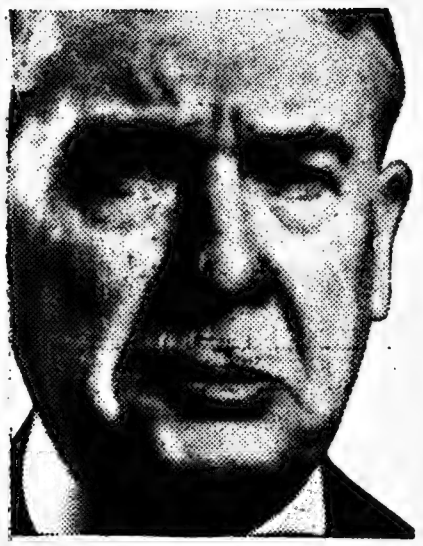
beer is best

His Quick Way to Check Colds

Mr. Isaac Jackson, of 127 Bright St., Wolverhampton, has found a quick way to check his colds. "When I had a very bad cold, I rubbed my throat and chest with 'Vick,' and very soon found great relief," he writes.

It is a stubborn cold indeed that will not yield to the double direct action of Vick brand Vapour-Rub. When just rubbed on, its medicated vapours, released by the warmth of the body, are inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages; at the same time, it acts through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice, "drawing out" the pain and helping the inhaled vapours to break up the congestion.

VICK VAPOUR-RUB



DON'T Blame Your LIVER

When Bilious, Off Appetite, and "Fed Up"—when your Head is Aching, Tongue Coated and Breath Bad. It is Constipation or Sluggishness. Your stomach cannot empty properly. Food becomes stale and "sour." Each fresh meal is "fermented" by the remains of the previous meal. Horrible! But you will soon feel "like new" when you—

PUT your STOMACH RIGHT with Beecham's PILLS

Sold Everywhere.

Gaiety Girl . .

Gaiety Girl!—A name with magic in it—but often, tragic too. One of the typical Gaiety Girls of the gay old days

Yours is So Often a Tale of Tragedy!

ON the stage of the Gaiety Theatre, London, danced a girl so beautiful that she was known as "The English Rose." Youngsters and men with white hair alike watched her, fascinated. If they omitted to clap, it was because they were enthralled to the point of being hypnotised.

It was May Etheridge—"the toast of the town."

That was twenty-five years ago, and now a memory of it has been revived in the minds of those who watched her. With a dull ache in their hearts they are picturing that scene again.

For the last act has been played in the life of that beautiful creature who rose from chorus to stardom, to become the Duchess of Leinster, was divorced, attempted suicide and sank to comparative poverty and obscurity.

As "Miss Murray" she has been found dead in the humble bungalow of her mother, a victim of an overdose of sleeping draught—another Gaiety Girl to "meet with a tragic end," as the newspaper placards remind us.

Fighting crowds

Gaiety Girl! What a title it was in the Britain of from twenty to thirty years ago, when the late George Edwardes was at the height of his success with his scintillating succession of musical comedy successes!

The crowds that fought at the stage door of the Gaiety Theatre for the sight of one of them—opera-hatted and tailed, yet so boisterous that the police had to control them. The stir in any restaurant when a beautiful woman entered and somebody passed round the words "A Gaiety Girl!"

The billions of picture postcards of them . . . the countless thousands of chocolate boxes bearing their wide-smiling faces . . . the headlines "Another Gaiety Girl Marries into the Peerage," just as we have "Another Gaiety Girl Tragedy" to-day.

We little knew, then, what a big succession of hard blows Fate was to deal out in their pretty ranks.

There was the chorus girl who became Eleanor Viscountess Torrington. From how many hands of suitors did she take her choice when she married into an old and distinguished family?

Dazzling appearances at Ascot followed. Then the joy of leading in her own racehorses. Human life was never more full and carefree until——

Divorce, the bankruptcy court and a succession of other troubles, until one day they found her gassed, a victim of suicide, in a small flat in Ebury Street, Westminster. Once, according to her own evidence in the Bankruptcy Court, she had spent £30,000 in extending and improving one stud farm. And after her death her friends said it was her worry over a tiny club she had founded that led to her rash act—that £50 would have saved her!

She had begun as a Gaiety Girl and ended as just another "Gaiety Girl Tragedy."

Bobby Storey shone on the Gaiety boards for a time. How many people will remember her!

Then she became barmaid at a wine house not a mile from the theatre where she used to dazzle, and one day, after she had gone to America, a figure came hurtling down from a topmost window of a skyscraper, and in less than a minute Bobby Storey lay dead on the pavement.

There are tragedies one cannot name, because the Gaiety Girls they concern are still alive.

Forgotten now

One, a former star of George Edwardes', whose name would evoke memories almost anywhere, is living in two small rooms with her mother near Marble Arch.

A small annuity keeps them both. Her only public appearances now are with a shopping basket, among crowds who know her no more.

Another sells matches near the stage-door of the Gaiety Theatre, just across the street from where people used to fight for a sight of her. Old-time playgoers who used to applaud her pass her by without recognition.

A third is a cleaner in a Government office. A fourth has been found two tiny rooms in some cottage homes for the indigent poor.

There were many of those beauties of lost lustre weeping at May Etheridge's graveside the other day, bent, grey-haired women worn out with worry and overwork and brought by tragedy to a momentary reunion with Gaiety Girls who have prospered.

And how many there are of them to be found in the queues waiting for jobs at a guinea a time outside the doors of British film studios, usually putting in ten times more work waiting than working!

Death has dealt hardly with the people associated with those brilliant old Gaiety shows. There is George Edwardes himself.

Millions passed through his hands, yet he died a worried and depressed man with little money.

Gaby Deslys' death will always be regarded as a tragedy. That vivid little creature was first seen in England at the Gaiety.

And one doesn't forget poor Regina Flory, who shot herself in one of the offices at Drury Lane.

Happy lives

Marie Studholme, Connie Ediss, Eve Green and Adrienne Augarde died after happy lives that yet were all too short, and the very popular Gaiety composer, too, Mr. Lionel Monckton, has passed away.

One mustn't forget the many exceptions, of course, the Gaiety Girls like Gladys Cooper, Constance Collier, Lily Elsie and Ellaline Terris, who lived to rise to greater heights as actresses, and the very many whose names became forgotten for the very excellent reason that they married happily.

There were those who married into the Peerage, like Gertie Millar, who became Countess of Dudley; Rosie Boote, who married the Marquis of Headfort; Irene Richards, the bride of Lord Drumlanrig; Connie Gilchrist, who is now Countess of Orkney; and Sylvia Storey, the chorus girl who became the wife of Earl Poulett.

Nor must one omit those who found happiness with husbands in their own profession: pretty Ethel Haydon, who became Mrs. George Robey; Coralie Blyth, who married into the Grossmith family; Eva Kelly, who became Mrs. G. P. Huntley, and others like them.

Stepping-stones

And there is a special place for Fannie Ward, at whose age there are so many guesses, and of whom it can be said that when she was creating a furore at the Gaiety the stage reference books described her year of birth as 1875.

The "boards" of the old Gaiety were a stepping-stone to great happiness for many, without a doubt.

And yet who, watching those successes that thrilled London in its brighter pre-war years, could have imagined that Fate was going to deal so hardly with those beautiful women whom we knew as Gaiety Girls.

But there it is. The gaiety was to be fleeting for some of those who most expected it.

Slippery Salesmen

HOUSEWIVES in many parts of the country are being victimised by a well-organised gang of door-to-door salesmen who are selling imitations of famous branded and proprietary medical preparations.

Recently these slick salesmen have been at work in London, Luton, and Cardiff. Their main object is to unload on the unsuspecting public bottles of a vapour-rub preparation, which bear no name, although the salesmen make free mention of a famous and well-advertised product.

In addition, they have the impudence to use the name of a well-known firm of soap manufacturers, who has also made arrangements through them to distribute tablets of soap which are "given free" with each bottle of the vapour-rub.

These door-to-door salesmen have, in fact, a series of "yarns" to tell. The latest is that their campaign has been organised by a national newspaper in order to provide employment.

Housewives are also told that if they take the empty jar to the local chemist he will supply them with another jar of the genuine article at half-price.

* * *

This is pure fiction, and chemists are naturally annoyed at this form of trickery, since there is no scheme of this sort in existence.

Housewives who are pestered with these unscrupulous salesmen should refuse to part with their money for these fake preparations which have no relation to the well-known firms whose products they are said to be.

Daphne gets her chance

"THE PRODUCER SAID I WAS LOOKING OLD"
"EVER TRIED KNIGHT'S CASTILE IT KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION FRESH"
A FORTNIGHT LATER
"NO, BUT I'VE TRIED EVERY--THING ELSE UNDER THE SUN"
"KNIGHT'S CASTILE IS THE SIMPLEST, LEAST EXPENSIVE, MOST SUCCESSFUL BEAUTY TREATMENT I KNOW"
SIX WEEKS LATER
"THIS KNIGHT'S CASTILE CERTAINLY HAS MADE ME LOOK YEARS YOUNGER"
"MISS ELLIS, YOU'VE IMPROVED TREMENDOUSLY LATELY. I'D LIKE YOU TO UNDERSTUDY THE LEAD"

Bright lights and late nights are hard indeed on your complexion—give you "tired skin," and that spells good-bye to the clear healthy glow which everyone admires. That's why it's so important to use Knight's Castile. It is specially made for the face, and its generous soothing lather has the same tonic effects as pure country air . . . it feeds and stimulates the vital beauty glands on which your complexion depends. Buy a tablet to-day—it costs only fourpence—and see how your complexion will improve.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

KC 158-364

"Cold after cold—until doctor warned me to protect this *weak spot*"

THIS little boy's mother had never realised that children between 6 months and 13 years have one Weak Spot. Then doctor said, "Strengthen this Weak Spot and your child will be safe from coughs, colds and influenza all through the danger months."

Warning about Schoolchildren

A growing child is actually more likely to "catch things" than a newborn baby. Babies have mother's blood inside them. But schoolchildren have only their own weak blood. That is why your child needs special help.

Illness germs enter your child's body through the tissues of the throat and lungs. This is the *Weak Spot*.

How to keep your child well

The surest way to strengthen this Weak Spot is to give Scotts Brand Emulsion—one teaspoonful builds up 3 times more germ-resisting power than one teaspoonful of ordinary malt and oil.

Besides this, Scotts Brand Emulsion has all the nourishing fats so it builds bone, muscle and flesh. Start your child on this sure body-builder to-day. Give it especially *during*, and *after*, colds for quick recovery

Scotts Brand Emulsion

GOOD NEWS for PARENTS too—

How to get rid of your own coughs and colds

The quickest way for grown-up people to shake off a cold, or get rid of a hacking cough, is to take a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion *every day*. Because Scotts Brand Emulsion builds up your resistance. You will feel fit in a few days. Take Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly and keep free from coughs and colds all through these damp, treacherous months.

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£1,000 and 55 Wrist-watches Won in Crossword Competition No. 293.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following fifty-five competitors, who share the £100 offered: Achurch, S. M., 1, Byron Rd., Ealing, W.5; Ashforth, Miss M., Thropton, Morpeth, Northumberland; Astles, M. & E., 6, Derk Rd., Northwich, Ches.; Atkinson, Miss G., St. George's Chas., Doncaster; Barlow, W., 12, Lingard Rd., Southenden, Manchester; Bond, M/s A., 7, Bayard st., Gainsborough; Bristow, E., Mapledene Boarding House, Avenue Rd., S.E.25; Butterworth, A., 624, Manchester Rd., Rochdale; Collins, W. H., 29, Gloucester Rd., Brighton; Cardell, Mrs. O. E., Lancaster House, Vine St., Kersal, Manchester, 7; Cooper, W. A., 378, Alwold Rd., Wesley Castle, Selly Oak, Birmingham; Cross, J., 1, Highfield, Pemberton, Wigan; Duffield, Rev. A. W., Halton Vicarage, Runcorn, Ches.; Duley, M/s G., 132, Wembley Hill Rd., Wembley; Edmondson, H., 33, Halvard st., Bury, Lancs; Edwards, Mrs., G., 41, Northgate, New Basford, Notts; Emery, H. N., 15, Trewitt Rd., Whitley Bay; Entwisle, D., Holtons House, Blackrod, Chorley; Flark J., E., Stathern, Melton Mowbray; Friend, F., 199, 8th. Lambeth Rd., London, S.W.8; Gater, K., 38, Torquay Rd., Paignton; Hermon, J., Rhomen, Suffolk Rd., Nth. Harrow; Hett, Miss E. I. J., Ellerslie, Pembroke Av., Margate; Hudson, A. E., 178, County Rd., Walton, Liverpool; Kahansky, Mrs. F., 179, Burdett Rd., Bow, E.3; Felix St., Burnley; Hudson, A. E., 178, County Rd., Walton, Liverpool; Kahansky, Mrs. F., 179, Burdett Rd., Bow, E.3; Kelsey, W. E., 142, Duke St., Sheffield; Lock, Mrs. M., 15, Clyde St., Ford, Devonport; Lord, Mrs. G., 6, Dean St., Padiham, Lancs; McKeague, H. S., Castle St., Enniskillen; Masson, Miss I., 47, Erroll Rd., Hove, 3; Moore, M/s A., Washingpool Farm, Wells, Somerset; Morris T., 34, Bury Old Rd., Ainsworth, Bolton; Morris, T., Longfield, Capel Rd., Llanelly; Norfolk, T. K., 11, Birling St., Eastbourne; Odlin, F. C., 1188, Chester Rd., Stretford; Parfitt, M/s B., 47, Devon Place, Newport, Mon.; Parkhouse, M/s R., 28, Radnor Rd., Horfield, Bristol; Pegg, R., 30, Berwick Rd., Blackpool; Richards, A., Rake Cott., Withnell, nr. Chorley; Robertson, J. W., 98, Brunswick St., Sheffield 10; Robinson, J., 80, Edward St., Glossop, Derbys.; Rose, J. W., 24, Chetwynd Rd., Ward End, B'ham 8; Senior, Mrs. E., Barugh Green, nr. Barnsley; Sharples, B., 4, Park Drive, Brierfield, Lancs; Skelding, Mrs. A., 92, Morrell St., Maltby, Rotherham; Smith, L., 70, Spencer Rd., Belper, Derbys.; Spreadbery, Mrs. B., 19, Hanover St., Peckham, S.E.15; Thorpe, W., S., 10, Victoria St., Slough, Bucks; Tunnicliffe, W. H., 2, Wrotham Rd., London, N.W.1; Vickery, R. A., 61, King Edward Rd., Coventry; Viney, Mrs. E., South Bungalow, Whittington Rd., Oswestry, Salop; Wilcock, Miss M., 94, Waterloo Rd., Ashton-on-Ribble; Woulds, E., 8, Parker St., Woodwell, Batley, Yorks.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £16 7s. 2d. will be sent. Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 5, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull." No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 588 competitors from whom we have received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 3s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. A Crossword Season Ticket containing 50 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope. In addition to the above awards, the fifty-five sharers of the First Prize will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a handsome Wrist-watch. Surprise Awards were won by 2,715 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

The last squares in "John Bull's" Colossal Sixth Crossword Birthday Offer appear on Page 44. £5 weekly for Life and £1,000 and £50 Birthday Cheques Yearly, or one lump sum of £3,500, is the most to won first prize, and £1,000 for Runners-up.

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Best in every way. Once you roll your own in A.G. Papers you'll never buy another factory made cigarette.

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Start now! *A.G's fit all machines and give best results.*

AG *The better paper for better cigarettes.*

Turn to Page 27—

and fill in the coupon for free illustrated booklet describing the new Hoover Junior—the new model that will be the sensation of the cleaner industry in 1935. It can be secured for only 10/- down. Send for free booklet NOW!

Mr. Policeman Never FORGETS!

"IF ever I do a murder," the writer of this article once told ex-Chief Inspector Berrett, of Scotland Yard, "I shall hide between the inner and outer skin of the dome of St. Paul's until the police give up the chase."

The man who caught Kennedy and Browne laughed. "The police never give up the chase until the man they want is dead," he replied. "Whether the offence is big or small, the law never forgets."

And there is new proof this week in the shape of proceedings at Sheffield against an elderly, white-haired man who is alleged to have kidnapped as a child, thirty years ago, the fine, strapping young fellow who sits in the body of the court.

Yet that is far from being the only or even the most remarkable instance of its kind. In fact, Mr. Policeman so often exhibits his elephant-like memory for remembering those he thinks have offended against the law that the wonder is that so many people believe court proceedings must be brought within a time limit to be effective.

One of the most amazing cases is that of John Smith, a jewel thief, for whom the innocent Adolf Beck unjustly suffered many years of penal servitude.

Sentenced in 1877 for robbing unsuspecting women by using the assumed name of Lord Willoughby, Smith continued his frauds on his release from prison in 1881 right up to November, 1895, when one of his victims of a few years before pointed to poor Adolf Beck in the street and said to the nearest policeman: "That's the man!"

After twenty-three years

From now on everyone was to regard Beck as John Smith, the jewel thief, working under a different name. Seven years' penal servitude was the sentence he had to serve in respect of the accusations of that woman who saw him in the street, and when he came out he was heartbroken to find that the frauds had begun again.

John Smith was working at his nefarious tricks with new zest on realising that somebody else was bound to take the blame. But what he didn't know was that even while Beck was in prison police enquiries were going on—just to make sure whether Beck's indignant denials were true or not.

Then came the day in 1904 when Beck was again before the judge and the jury was once more returning a verdict of guilty. The police said something about a new line of enquiry, the possibility of disclosures. The judge said sentence would be postponed till the next sessions.

And the next few weeks saw the real John Smith arrested after twenty-three years of immunity and Beck released to receive a Royal pardon and a grant of £2,000 by the Treasury.

The law's memory stood it in good stead in 1902, when the barmaid of a public-house in Borough High Street was removed to St. George's Hospital suffering from poisoning. "Antimony poisoning" the doctors told the police, and—poisoners being people apt to repeat their murders—the detectives began to think over past mysteries in which antimony figured.

In this case the barmaid was living with the genial landlord, who boasted the good old English name of George Chapman.

It was scarcely likely that they could associate this jovial boniface with Severino Klosowski, a Pole who had come to England after failing in his medical studies in Warsaw, and who, seven years ago, had lived with a woman who died of antimony poisoning.

Yet associate the two they did. In fact, Severino, stripped of all the heartiness of inn life, stood in the dock charged with the murder of three women by the same poison, and duly expiated his crimes on the scaffold.

A generation before that a pretty girl named Catherine Wilson, who was pretending to effect a reconciliation between a woman friend and the woman's husband, handed the wife, in her house in Marylebone, a cup of tea with a very curious taste.

It was a feat of memory on the part of the authorities to remember that a Mrs. Soames, of Bedford Square, had died mysteriously seven years before, and that her worst bouts of illness had always been after she had been given a cup of tea by Catherine, with whom she lived.

It was quick work to discover that colchicum was the cause of death. And the police soon found that Miss Wilson had a very thorough knowledge of the deadly effects of this rare drug. And so slowly the net was closed on this woman who thought the law had forgotten her, and she paid the penalty by hanging.

She vanished

Another murderer who didn't give the law full credit for its memory was Samuel Herbert Dougal, hanged in 1903 for the Moat Farm murder. When he stood in the dock in that year charged with forging a cheque, he little knew that the police had remembered that he had once lived in his moated farm near Chelmsford with a woman named Camille Holland, and that five years ago she had disappeared.

If he had thought that even then they were searching his moat for her body, where they found it eventually, he would not have answered questions with such cocksureness. He would have seen the shadow of his approaching fate.

But for the record, as far as lapse of time between a murder and the trial of accused person one must go back a hundred years. A man named Horne, alias Horne, was executed for starving to death his baby thirty-five years earlier.

It was run close just over fifty years ago when William Shippey was found not guilty of the murder of a police constable thirty years before. And even as recently as 1905 a man named John Appleton was sentenced to death at Durham for a murder committed in 1888, the sentence being afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life.

The real record, however, has nothing to do at all with anything as grave as murder. It concerned a fly-leaf stolen from a parish register in Derby a hundred years ago. Sixty-one years elapsed before a man was charged with the crime, and then the Grand Jury threw out the Bill and the man was freed.

Many people now living will remember "Jim the Penman," the world's greatest forger, who carried on his operations in London sixty odd years ago. They will recall with what assiduity the police carried on their operations for years before putting in the dock James Townsend Seward, cultured son of a distinguished family and a barrister of the Middle Temple.

Then they told the story of how, years before, in fact until London became too hot for such operations, Seward had written to prominent people to draw replies bearing their signature, sent out a practised burglar to steal their cheque-books, and had then, by clever forgery, netted fabulous sums from their banking accounts, showing an uncanny skill in demanding just about enough to empty the account, but never too much.

It was a maturing and respectable James Seward, barrister, they put in the dock. But it was as "Jim the Penman" that he heard the story of twenty years before unfolded, and heard his doom pronounced in the form of a life sentence.

Yet it is not only the serious cases that the law remembers.

The helmet

Why, when the late Andrew Carnegie was Britain's richest man and greatest benefactor, there was one village near Dunfermline he dare not enter.

As a boy he had knocked the village policeman's helmet off with a snowball. And all through the years in which he was building up his fortune as the steel and iron king of Pittsburgh and Canada he remembered the summons that snuggled in the drawer of the local police office.

Carnegie was opening free libraries everywhere when he came home, but he did not dare to challenge the police in that village. He knew it would be the duty of the local policeman to incarcerate him if he recognised him. And he wasn't going to take risks!

It isn't because the law is malicious, or spiteful, or in any way savage, that it takes action so many years after.

The fact is that it is a cardinal feature of British law that delay makes no difference where there has been an "offence against the King, his peace and dignity," and all crimes, of course, big and small alike, come under that heading.

Death alone can give an offender sanctuary, even if his lapse is merely keeping a dog without a licence, and even if he should be a Carnegie!

Even twenty or thirty years after the crime, the culprit cannot be certain the hand of the law will not be clapped on his shoulder

HURRY FOR THOSE THRILLERS

Lose no time in making sure of JOHN BULL'S magnificent Gift Presentation—"The Great Book of Thrillers." Forty sensational mystery stories by best-selling authors. Thrills and nothing but thrills. You simply *must* turn to pages 4 and 5 and post your reservation forms to-day.

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you meet fresh people, make new friends. You find people looking up to you, trusting you, respecting you as a man or woman who can "run things." You become a 'LEADER' amongst your circle.

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BACKACHE, urinary disorders, getting up at night, and rheumatic complaints frequently follow a cold or influenza attack. At such times an excessive strain is thrown upon the kidneys, but prompt treatment with Doans Backache Kidney Pills will avert worse troubles. This special kidney tonic brings relief in long standing cases, but it is wiser to prevent rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and renal dropsy by taking Doans Pills, now.

"Pains in the Back"

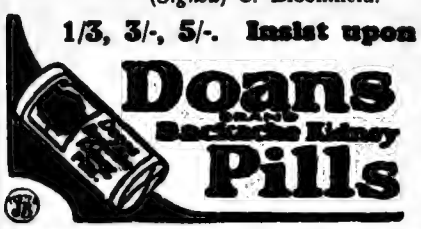
On 10th March, 1900, Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, Lincs, said:—"For several years I suffered almost continuously with acute pains in the back. I could not turn even in bed and sometimes laid up for a week, the urine was disordered and scalding. I had splitting headaches and bouts of dizziness.

After reading about Doans Backache Kidney Pills I tried them. They soon gave me relief and later made me quite well.

On 24th August, 1934, Mr. Bloomfield said:—"Thanks to Doans Pills I have been free from backache and urinary disorders these thirty-four years.

(*Signed*) C. Bloomfield."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon



NERVES THAT RUIN HAPPY HOMES.

Of all the wrecked homes, how many could have been saved if somebody had told the man or woman how to cure those miserable, irritable "nerves"?

When you let work and worry get you down, your nerves begin to go and every little thing upsets you. That's the time to look out for trouble.

But you must not think that nerves are inevitable. There's a very simple way to cure any nervous trouble, a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for it is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

SHADOW over the Schoolroom

BITTER views were expressed at the Public Schoolmasters' Conference at Harrow the other day against the present examination system. One of the speakers declared it to be "feared not only by boys and girls but by masters as well."

A few weeks earlier a similar protest was made at the annual conference of the Association of Headmasters. In the last eighteen months a score of resolutions have been passed by representative educational bodies throughout the country demanding a revision of the modern school curriculum.

The National Union of Teachers, which has over 150,000 members on its roll, has pressed time and again for action to be taken by the Board of Education.

Behind this widespread revolt of the teachers is an unselfish fight for the school child, an attempt to remove a shadow which lies over the schoolroom.

They contend that modern education is not giving the young people a fair chance, that boys and girls leave school at fourteen, sixteen or eighteen only half-equipped for the battle of life, and that actually the best of the youngsters are often rejected by employers owing to a mistaken respect on the part of the latter for an archaic educational fetish.

Self-reproach

The trouble lies with what is known as the School Certificate Examination. For a vast number of working-class and middle-class boys and girls, failure to pass this final test of their ability is much more than an academic setback. It is a personal disaster and a tragedy.

They have been kept at school through the sacrifice of their parents, who have been determined to give them a fair start in life. Failure means to them that they have let their parents down.

They are ashamed and disheartened. They blame themselves, when, in fact, the blame lies with the frigid pundits of a fusty convention who are in control of the educational system.

The failure may follow the children through their whole career. It may mean a poorer opening than they had expected, or no opening at all for long, heartbreaking months.

Employers, in spite of the criticisms of the present inelastic examination system, which is not a fair test of ability as measured by working life standards, are still influenced by the school record of an applicant for work.

The employers can hardly be blamed, for they have no other means of judging. It is natural that if two boys apply for a job, one with his school certificate, the other without, and other things appear equal, the boy with the certificate will win.

Unfortunately, an influential section of industrial leaders, dominated by men who did not have to start work in their 'teens, but came straight from the universities into their fathers' offices, have declared in favour of the certificate.

The teachers reply that a sound estimate of the real capacity of a pupil can be obtained only from personal and intimate knowledge of him, and not from his performance in a written examination on a narrow range of subjects which as often as not have failed to interest him.

We are bound to agree with them on this point and on their assertion that the fundamental principle by which school training is governed is a mistaken one. For it is designed, almost from the beginning to the end, to suit the requirements of the universities.

In the secondary schools the pupils are forced to acquire a mass of purely academic knowledge on the apparent assumption that the whole of them may want to study for a university degree. (The final School Certificate is designed to qualify for entrance to a university.)

The later teaching in the elementary schools, from the time the children approach the age of eleven, is governed by the possibility of the entire classes entering the secondary schools. The bogy of the university is never absent.

It is a tail-wag-dog system. The school curriculum is made to fit the examination. The examination should be made to fit the curriculum.

Too many subjects!

There are over five and a half million children attending elementary schools in England and Wales, and 670,000 in Scotland. At the secondary schools the total is about 600,000. According to the Board of Education tables, the number of entrances to the English universities in 1933 was 11,813.

The figures for Scotland are not tabulated, but the proportion is higher owing to the existence of the Carnegie grants towards fees. If we give 14,000 as the total for the United Kingdom, we shall not be very wide of the mark.

Six million school children . . . 14,000 university students!

For every child who is destined to have a degree at the end of his name, or the opportunity of acquiring one as a pass into the "learned professions" and kindred walks of life, 430 are sent out into the world with an elementary or secondary school education only.

In defence of the secondary school curriculum it is held that there is such a variety of subjects that the fear of standardisation so often expressed by educationists, is illusory.

It is true that the pupil may select his subjects from a list of over thirty, some of them modern, such as light and sound, electricity and magnetism, chemistry and commerce; but they are divided into groups, and from each group he must take at least one subject. English and mathematics are compulsory.

While the subjects in the mass cover a wide enough field, the capacity and time of the student are severely limited. The average pupil studying for the school certificate has at least three hours a night on homework.

It is generally impossible for him to add to his list without running the risk of failing in one or other of the compulsory subjects. And to fail in one of these is to fail in everything.

Who is to blame?

A boy may have a talent for modern languages. It is difficult for him to take more than two, unless at the expense of the compulsory or "group" subjects, although these may be of no practical use to him in the career which he hopes to follow.

It often happens that boys with an undoubted gift for languages are hopeless at mathematics. They fall down in this compulsory subject, and so get no certificates, and perhaps no job.

With girls this is even more frequent. Many intelligent and even brilliant girl pupils are dunces when it comes to algebra and geometry. They are mental paralytics in face of trigonometry. Throughout their adolescence, "maths" are a nightmare to them.

Who is holding up the reform of British education? It cannot be the President of the Board of Education, Lord Halifax, for he told us not long ago that he had never passed an examination in his life.

Mr. H. Ramsbotham, M.P., Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Halifax, damned the school certificate as "the last straw of that mediæval standardisation which is as impracticable to-day as it is undesirable," and advised employers of labour "to ignore it when assessing the suitability of candidates for employment.

The pundits behind the Board of Education policy should heed the growing volume of public resentment.

When Mr. L. H. O. Fiecker, head of Christ's Hospital, declared recently that we should not be satisfied "until the idea that a youngster starting at £1 a week in an office must be qualified to enter the grave portals of London University is regarded as a joke, and a bad joke," he stated the opinion not only of the teaching profession, but of the fathers and mothers of Britain.

Mother prepares him for his first day at school, but is she aware—is he aware—of the examination spectre hovering ahead?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"In all cases where there is a small BOY of foreign matter in the eye . . ."

HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"It has a HOSE-power of 2,500 and has been streamlined."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"A special drive against the common GOLD . . ."

WARRINGTON EXAMINER:—". . . was standing watching a FOOTPATH match."

CASTLETON DISTRICT NEWS:—"If the cuffs and collar bands on your husband's SKIRTS . . ."

NEEPSEND, SHEFFIELD, MAGAZINE:—"Preparations are going apace for the OPERATION Society's production of the 'Count of Como.'"

THE NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"Armed men adopted a cunning ROSE to carry out a highway robbery."

THE SUN:—"Badly soiled fibre SUITCAKES can be cleaned . . ."

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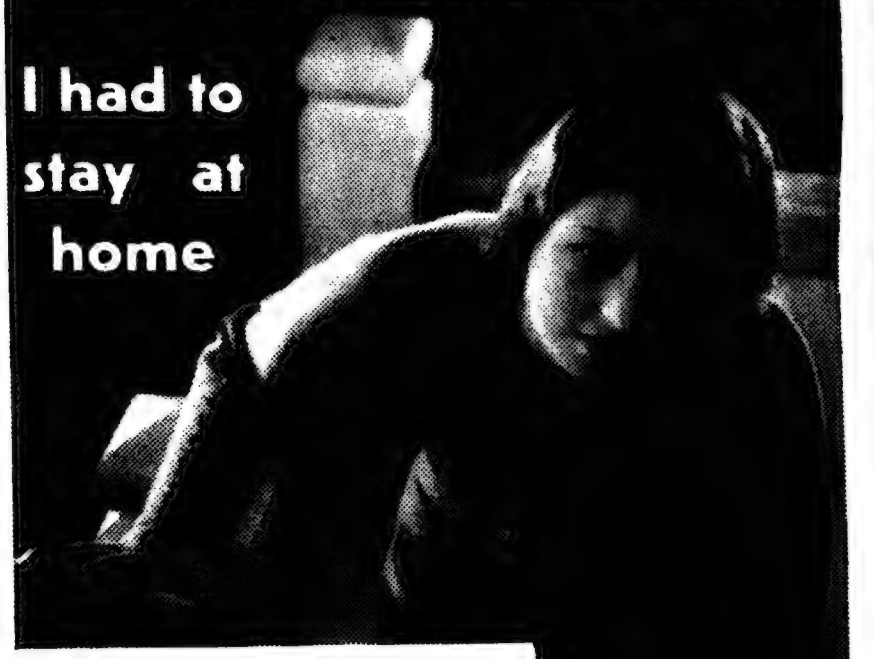
NERVOUS ANÆMIA . .



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FILL in the Coupon in the Radiation announcement on p. 29. The makers of New World Gas Cookers invite readers of "John Bull" to accept a free copy of the Radiation Cookery Book. Every housewife ought to have a copy, which gives dozens of delightful menus to choose from. Turn to p. 29 now, fill in your name and address and post the coupon.

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Sold everywhere: Liquid 3/- and 12/- (Six times as much) Tablets 3/-

The blood is the life of every part of the body—the brain, nerves, skin, muscles, joints, arteries, etc. To ensure good health and vigour you must keep your blood pure. Blood impurities lower vitality and lead to **rheumatism, arthritis, gout, lumbago, skin affections, ulcers, sores,** etc.

When you suffer from any of these ailments there is no finer medicine than "Clarkes Blood Mixture" which has effected remarkable results when other treatments have failed. An occasional course of "Clarkes Blood Mixture" will keep your blood pure and prevent occurrence of the many diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

It is **false economy** to buy cheap imitations when your health is at stake. Ask for "CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

CLARKES BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE BLOOD MIXTURE

"Mother says 'I'm a Jewel' —but I'm often cut up rough"

Being in this 'Jewellery' business is no joke. I'm inspected, pawed and ogled by men who think they're well shaved and who proceed to leave their 'hall-mark' on my face, taking all the polish off Mothers 'Jewel.'
If they'd only shave with 'STEAD' blades, I wouldn't mind being their 'crown jewels.'
Use STEAD blades—they give you perfect shaves week in and week out.

STEAD

RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet of 7 blades for 6d., Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls, and most dealers sell them.

MODERN MOTHERS

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

Maternity Bandeau

Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the crucial maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

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LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 6206
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LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Roy 1 4021
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THE BIG TWO

"SAFE AS THE BANK" John Bull

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FIXED PRICES FOR SIX LEAGUES

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THE FAMOUS 'CHALLENGER'

FOOTBALL LISTS

include a

LONG ODDS LIST

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10,000 to 1

FOR 20 RESULTS

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No division of odds however many winners.

Send now for Price Lists on the

LINCOLN & NATIONAL & ENGLISH CUP

Every Horse and Team Priced

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

SHILLING *that meant* MOST *to me*

FINDING a little girl heartbroken over the loss of a shilling that had fallen down a street grating, I took off my jacket and endeavoured to recover it for her. After getting thoroughly filthy, I was successful.

While I was wiping the mud off my arms, the child returned with her father, who thanked me and invited me to his home for a wash.

It transpired that he was a haulage contractor, and when I told him I was a lorry-driver and had been unemployed for twelve months, he gave me a job.—*J. H., Sheffield.*

Motherly Advice

Give a boy starting work to-day a shilling and he'll sniff. But thirty years ago a bob meant three hours in a real theatre, six "blood and thunders," or sufficient lollipops to last a week.

With my first shilling I got a motherly lecture on how to spend wisely, and a warning as to what happened to boys who didn't try to improve themselves.

To-day my shilling is perhaps more sensibly used than then, but I still think my first shilling meant most to me.—*"Dryad," Lancs.*

Saw the World

Taking the King's shilling on enlistment meant most to me. Life changed its course from one of peacefulness to one packed with unforgettable experiences.

Military training, contact with all types and nations, tricks of the Channel in a gale, the gruesome horrors of war, the opportunity to visit foreign countries, and the attempt to speak their language.

The joy that leave gave, reunion with England and home, and finally demobilisation, thankful to return physically fit through such a galaxy of experiences and hair-breadth escapes.—*C. B. S., Southwell.*

Ill-luck Followed Loss

An uncle once gave me a shilling, with the words: "Keep this as a luck-bringer."

For twenty years I kept that shilling, and I can honestly say that it would be almost impossible to experience better luck than I did during that period.

Then I came to London, and the first thing I did was to lose my keepsake. Within a few days I was knocked down by a motor-car, and that was the beginning of a long run of bad luck. I can safely say that that shilling meant most to me.—*L. G. H., Queen's Gate.*

Provided Many Meals

I was in great distress. Living in a cheap lodging-house, even a shilling a night meant my going short of food. I scraped together a shilling to advertise for sale all I had—a typewriter.

It was offered at a reasonably low price, and the day after an enquirer called. There being no private room, I was permitted to use a bedroom for demonstrating the machine.

I sold it, and had plenty of food next day to make up for lost "rations." Incidentally, this was the only reply to my advertisement.—*G. S. P., Brighton.*

Restored Honour

As a boy in the employ of a solicitor I was sent out to cash a cheque. On my return the money was found to be a shilling short.

Accusing me of dishonesty, my employer threatened to sack me on the spot. Just then the 'phone bell rang—it was a call from a bank clerk who had found the missing coin in the turn-up of his trousers.

That returned shilling meant more to me than any coin I have handled—it gave me back honour.—*"Honest," Gloucester.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, February 26.

My Happiest Memory

Haven't Wanted Since

Having a last look at my bright new birthday shilling before going into school, I clumsily walked into a lamp-post and gashed my forehead open.

Teacher sent me to a chemist, who took me into his dispensary and there patched me up, while I feasted my eyes on the galaxy of bottles, measures and other fascinating apparatus.

That peep behind the scenes decided me. I would be a chemist!

I lost my shilling paying for the first-aid treatment, and I've still got the scar; but I haven't wanted for a shilling yet.—*"M. P. S." Essex.*

To the Pictures

Left alone at the age of fourteen in my home one evening in 1917, I found a shilling on the floor, and decided to spend it on a visit to the pictures.

Returning some hours later, I discovered that the house had been blown sky high during a German air-raid. My mother thinking me dead, was frantic with grief in the arms of a fireman.

That shilling meant nothing less than life to me.—N.A.D., Somerset.

Mother Came Back

It was put into my first baby's hand by my mother.

My mother never came near my home after I married—she disliked my husband, and didn't approve of the match.

But after four years of misery, she came to see me after the birth of my son. She is still with us, and after twenty years my boy still wears the shilling on his chain.—*Mrs. D., Harworth.*

Expensive Hairs

We had to plan the location of trenches as if seen from balloon. Having made a "sighter," two fine lines were needed to complete the instrument.

Horsehairs would do, but we had no horse. At last I came across one, a Belgian holding its head. Pointing to the animal's tail, I handed him a shilling, and extracted two hairs, much to the horse's annoyance.

Our resource evoked the superior officer's compliments; even more important—the expensive hairs helped to reduce our casualties in the subsequent bombardment.—*B. T., Mansfield.*

Persuasion Did It!

In Egypt in 1928, I was returning to Alexandria one evening. When I reached the station I discovered I had lost my purse. Fortunately I had a return ticket, and I decided to go straight home.

But, in my agitation, I boarded the wrong train, and eventually arrived at Rosetta, not a very "safe" place for a young girl. I was very frightened—in a strange Arab village late at night.

Suddenly I remembered an English shilling I had kept for "luck." After much persuasion it got me a ticket to Alexandria, where I caught the last train home.—*Mrs. B., Dagenham.*

Blessed Clause

To become a First-Class Scout I had only one further qualification to obtain. That was to save and bank a shilling.

The effort I put into the hoarding of my coppers enabled me to realise my youthful ambition, the "hall-mark" of good scouting.

But, better still, it gave me the incentive to go on saving, so that in past years during sickness and unemployment I have had reason to bless the "Thrift" clause in the rules of a great Movement.—*"Scouter," Liverpool.*

* * *

"One shilling, please; press Button 'A,'" droned a feminine voice, followed by, "You're through."

Fearfully I asked the question. Back came the reply, "Mother and son both doing well!"—*B. E. H., Bristol.*

One shilling per week was my pocket-money for two years, and later proved beyond riches in value. It taught me by its own limitation that all pleasure could not be purchased.—*A. R., Southend.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on February 23

FIRST DIVISION.

**(1) PRESTON v. Leicester.
*(2) WEDNESDAY v. Leeds.
*(3) STOKE v. Portsmouth.
(4) Hotspur v. Sunderland.
(5) W.B. ALBION v Wolverhampton.
(6) BIRMINGHAM v Liverpool.
(7) Everton v. Aston Villa.
(8) GRIMSBY v. Derby.
*(9) HUDDERSFIELD v. Chelsea.
(10) MANCHESTER C. v. Arsenal.
(11) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Blackburn.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) NEWCASTLE v. West Ham.
(2) NORWICH v. Blackpool.
(3) Notts County v. Sheffield U.
(4) Oldham v. Manchester U.
(5) PLYMOUTH v. Bury.
(6) SOUTHAMPTON v. Barnsley.
*(7) BOLTON v. Port Vale
(8) BRADFORD v. Hull City.
*(9) BRENTFORD v. Bradford C.
(10) BURNLEY v. Swansea.
(11) Fulham v. FOREST.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Clapton Orient v. Millwall.
(2) COVENTRY v. C. Palace.
(3) GILLINGHAM v. Bristol C.
*(4) LUTON v. Aldershot.
(5) NORTHAMPTON v. Newport.
(6) Reading v. Exeter.
(7) SOUTHEND v. Swindon.
(8) Boscombe v Watford.
**(9) BRIGHTON v. Cardiff.
(10) BRISTOL R v. Torquay.
**(11) CHARLTON v. Q.P. Rangers

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) ROTHERHAM v. Wrexham.
(2) Walsall v. TRANMERE.
(3) York City v. Crewe.
(4) ACCRINGTON v. Gateshead.
**(5) BARROW v. Carlisle.
(6) CHESTER v. Doncaster.
(7) CHESTERFIELD v. Lincoln.
(8) DARLINGTON v. Stockport.
**(9) HALIFAX v. Southport.
**(10) MANSFIELD v. Rochdale.
(11) NEW BRIGHTON v. Hartlepools.

SCOTTISH CUP.—Round 3.

(1) Brechin City v. HAMILTON.
(2) HEARTS v. Dundee
**(3) RANGERS v. St. Mirren.
(4) ABERDEEN v. Hibernian.
(5) Buckie Thistle v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
*(6) AIRDRIE v. Ayr or King's Park.
Byes.—Celtic and Motherwell.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) QUEEN'S PARK v. Kilmarnock.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div I.—1 (*H*); Div. II.—11 (*A*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Northern Section—2 (*A*); Scottish Cup—3 (*H*) would indicate Preston, Forest, Brighton, Tranmere and Rangers.

It's not just INDIGESTION—
YOUR GASTRIC NERVE
Must be Strengthened

Your Trouble Is Really

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

It is not surprising that nothing you have tried for your Indigestion has given relief. Your trouble is NERVE trouble. Your "Indigestion" is really NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, caused by weakness of the GASTRIC NERVES. What has happened is that your whole nervous system has become rundown, and your Gastric Nerves were the first to give way. Result—Flatulence, Heartburn, Acidity, terrible Gastric Pains and all the other symptoms of Nervous Indigestion.

YOUR GASTRIC NERVES

This anatomical diagram shows a few of the gastric nerves which surround the stomach. When these Gastric or Stomach Nerves become impoverished, symptoms of Nervous Dyspepsia result causing Flatulence, Distension, Acidity.

YOU ARE SURE TO BENEFIT WITH DR. CASSELLS TABLETS!

Dr. Cassells Tablets contain just those Nerve Revitalisers and Digestion Invigorators that your debilitated system needs. Its formula includes a quantity of PEPSIN, which has the remarkable property of digesting several hundred times its own weight of food. Pepsin has a marvellous strengthening effect on the Digestive Nerves, and quickly eradicates all painful symptoms. Study the wonderful formula on the right, and you will see why every case of Indigestion or other Nervous Disorder is bound to benefit.

Start a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets at once if you suffer from Head Pains, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Anæmia, Insomnia, Hysteria, Dizziness or Nervous Breakdown.

FAIR-PLAY OFFER

Buy a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. Keep the carton and if not entirely satisfied send it back to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, who will refund your 1/3.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1'3, 3'- and 5'-

Every Dr. Cassells Tablet is guaranteed to include the following ingredients in an active medicinal state:

FERRI. GLYCEROPHOS.
Improves nerve nutrition. Invaluable for the treatment of Chlorosis and other forms of Anæmia.

MAN. et MAG. HYPOPHOS.
The first of these two ingredients is a powerful nerve stimulant; the second an antacid and laxative.

CALCIUM HYPOPHOS.
Assists in general nutrition. Helps to neutralise excess stomach acids.

CALCIUM PHOSPHATE
Essential to healthy bone-building. Three-quarters of the mineral matter in your body is composed of this substance.

SACCHAR. CEREVIS.
Vitamin content promotes the development of muscular tissues and nerves, and improves general health.

KOLAE SEMINA
Possesses powerful tonic properties. Wards off fatigue. Acts as a cerebral stimulant: clears the brain, banishes depression.

SALICIN ET PEPSIN
Salicin increases the flow of saliva and improves appetite; Pepsin increases the digestive power of the Gastric juices.

PAPAYOTIN
Assists in the digestion of the most important group of foods necessary for health, i.e., Proteins. Acts in both stomach and intestines.

SOD. PHENOL-p-SULPH.
This ingredient keeps the entire digestive and intestinal tract sweet and clean, and purifies the blood.

TO-DAY! Start a Course of
DR. CASSELLS TABLETS
BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

HERE on this page are your last entry-squares for "John Bull's" staggering Sixth Birthday Crossword Offer. By beating all other competitors you will secure our Sixth Birthday Life Pension, the enormous and appropriate sum of £6 weekly—and to this income "John Bull" will add the bumper sum of £1,000 cash. To complete this mighty 2-in-1 prize, there will be a £50 Birthday Cheque for the winner each February, a fitting reminder of a memorable Crossword victory.

And Runners-up are to benefit by the enormous sum of £1,000 cash, to be distributed as announced on this page.

Let common-sense guide you in the latest and best of our Compiler's "100 per cent. Entertainment" Puzzles, but remember that every Clue has been carefully worded and needs just as much care in solving.

Time is flying, so see that your squares are in by noon on Thursday, February 28, and a First Prize telegram may arrive for you on Friday, March 8.

FREE HELP To secure 6 weeks' supply of *Crossword Gazette*, enclose with Crossword the Registration Coupon on page 47.

"JOHN BULL," will pay a Life Pension of £6 a week, £1,000 in Cash and a £50 Birthday cheque yearly on anniversary of success (or one lump sum of £3,500) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £600 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £300 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received four or more sixpenny coupons in the same envelope and a further Bonus of £100 will be divided among Runners-up who are registered readers of the "Crossword Gazette" on Thursday, February 28. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on Thursday, March 14.

X-Word Solution, No. 294.

Winners in 293 on page 37. Result of 294 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 294 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

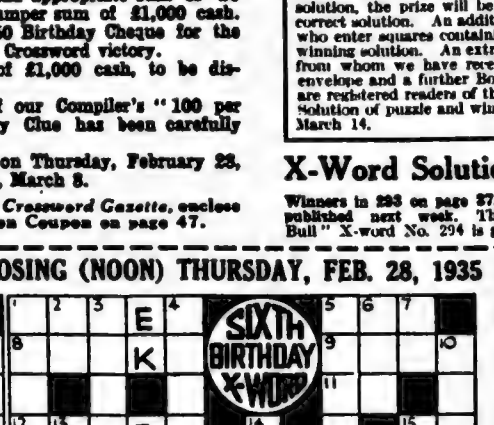
J B 294

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solution.

J B 295

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 295—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1935

J B 295



J B 295

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 295—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1935

J B 295

J B 295

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Lawn is, by machine
5. Judge wears—and some other comedians, too
8. You're this when alarm-clock's finished
9. Leave out
11. Short for Reply Paid
12. What you do when shouting "Hooray!"
15. His opposite is Ma
16. Word in previous Clue
17. Conger variety of these are large
20. Here man acknowledges his superior
21. Is skilfully woven to ensure good reception
22. Street abbreviated and reversed
23. Generally in farm-yard—sometimes on eyelid
25. Wise man puts his in safe investment
27. Bear without head and tail
29. In the middle of well
31. How hands form up, at tattoo
35. Is needed to produce sound whisky
38. Letters which stand for Proportional Representation
39. Mothers often do this for their children
40. Notion
41. Agent shows houses to be this
42. First half of lump
43. Where sea-dogs feel at home
44. Life of this is taken in leisurely style
45. Trying to do this gets cashier into trouble

DOWN

1. May give feet a tiring time
2. How with one end missing
3. Are not what they were in Lancashire
4. Dictator gets more and more power by these
5. You seldom see screw without this
6. Mischievous kiddie
7. Give half of gift here
10. There have been many over Russia in past centuries
13. Is not always easy to grasp
14. There's oil in tree which is this
15. Miners work in them
18. Age in few letters
19. Yacht depends on them for speed
23. Such foodstuffs will help your pocket
24. Word which gives assent
26. Helps you to come down safely after climbing
28. Poisonous little reptile
30. Man who has this gets ahead
32. In built-up one, cars will soon go less fast
33. A yard and a quarter
34. Smear with paint
36. What Sonny gets when winding first watch
37. Plunder runs up bill for this

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, February 28.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 14. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 26, 1935, in accordance with the directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £1,000 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be so awarded £3,500 will be paid, instead of [illegible]

5.—Readers in Scotland [illegible] and cannot enter the Competition [illegible] form bearing an address in Scotland [illegible] disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with [illegible] of the rules involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. [illegible] members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers. Newsagents

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE. Other squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY p.c. to Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 295, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. Replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

MIDDLE-WEIGHT (Blackfriars).—"I usually have a meal before a fight." So as not to be beaten hollow?

TIM (Coventry).—"I have a top-hole job in the motor industry." Ah! Sunshine-roof maker!

E. E. (Abingdon).—"What is on everyone's tongue just now?" Cough drops.

G. R. (Bankhall).—"I'm going to try dining greyhounds. Do you think I'll be out of pocket?" No. Out of breath.

F. E. (Harton).—"During our argument he waved his stick about and accidentally poked me in the eye with it." So then you saw his point?

HUMANITARIAN (Dover).—"The poor sailor had been sleeping under a hedge and it was very cold. When I took him inside he was blue all over." Navy blue?

D. J. (Newport).—"No man can remain cheerful if he is constantly facing a lot of data." Unless a bird fancier.

F. S. (Dunfermline).—"I always think of yawns as dilatory, tardy things." They're certainly behind-hand.

E. S. (Nuneaton).—"I find that my wife is taking more and more to bridge." The point is, is she bringing more and more back?

A. E. (Haverhill).—"When the policeman arrested him his face assumed an entirely different appearance." A pinched look?

F. E. (Birmingham).—"My youngest son suddenly turned giddy while parading with the Boy Scouts last week." Probably he had been doing too many good turns.

H. B. H. (Salisbury).—"The only rooms we could get for the rent I could pay were right at the top of a four-storey house." And you couldn't go any higher?

CLERK (E.C.).—"My employer has bought me a new calculating machine which he says will reduce my work by half." Can you safely reckon on that?

VILLAGER (Dunchurch).—"A lorry laden with lamp black caught on fire here, depositing soot all over the village." No wonder you all looked black about it.

BUSINESS MAN (Leeds).—"Because my little footwear shop is doing well, many of my customers say they wish they were in my shoes." But they are!

STUDENT (Cheltenham).—"In my last examination I had to write an essay headed 'The Impenetrable Forest.'" Did you get through?

TOM (Hampstead).—"When I got home after trying to learn skating all the afternoon, what do you think my wife served up for tea?" Flounders.

INSURANCE AGENT (Cray).—"I lost the final of my club boxing championship because I wasn't sufficiently aggressive." I evidently adopted the wrong policy.

MOTORIST (Hampstead).—"It is quite certain that when a big lorry crawls along on the crown of the road a small but faster car is held up." It follows.

MRS. T. (Bolton).—"Several hours after we had served dinner my husband arrived home with a cartload of coal he had won in a prize draw." We hope you didn't kill him over it.

F. M. (Selsdon).—"Can it be true that a Canadian lumber-jack shaves with an axe?" Well, perhaps his small children are in the habit of carving their initials on trees with his razor.

LIFT-ATTENDANT (Plymouth).—"The lunatic kept pressing on my windpipe until I was very near to suffocation, then he told me the story of his life." And you, of course, listened breathlessly?

COMPOSER (Leith).—"My wife and I quarrelled because she found some music that I composed for a girl before we married." She has been raking up old fires?

F. E. (Epsom).—"I believe that one of the most fancied candidates for the Grand National is a very nervous horse." Well, perhaps it will get over the jumps before the day of the race.

FOREMAN (Holton Heath).—"During my work at the cordite factory I discovered one of my men with matches in his possession." And you went right up in the air.

F. W. (Wembley).—"I recently saw a circus performer who turned twenty-five somersaults down a flight of stairs." His dexterity, of course, is much larger now than it was when he was a commercial traveller.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"The men who want to get on should take everything that comes their way in both hands, with a purposeful grasp." Zoo attendants who overdo it in the reptile house should not, of course, take this advice too literally.

E. L. (Ragl'an). — "When the new schoolmaster enters the classroom for the first time, he is on pins and needles, believe me." In our young days drawing pins were the general rule.

The KID

PUZZLED (Aston).—"To me the most curious of all creatures is the earthworm." You cannot make head or tail of it?

M. A. (Biggleswade).—"I like to look a month or two ahead. It makes me enthusiastic about the future." We suppose that when it comes to July and August you get warmed up?

SLIM (Seven Kings).—"I am going to make a big bet with my friend that I will increase my weight considerably within three months." You are going to put on pounds?

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"What comes over the banks in this country from time to time?" The rivers.

R. L. (Windsor).—"I have found that vegetarians are peaceful folk." They never have a bone to pick with anybody?

C. W. (Manchester).—"When I bought the evening paper I couldn't find a word about the trial I was interested in." Not even a sentence?

G. W. (Harwich).—"Other countries are far ahead of us in the matter of playing fields for our children." They are too far away, in other words.

P. M. (Ely).—"When a snowball hit me full in the face I concluded that it was the work of the small boy next door." That's how it struck you?

W. B. (Chelsfield).—"Oxford has been unlucky in the boat race in past years because of so many changes." Yet they want just one more change—to win.

CENTRE-FORWARD (Lincoln).—"I revel in a wet and greasy ground." It gives you a chance to slip between the backs.

MRS. C. (Boston).—"My husband is always grumbling and is so absent-minded—he can never find anything." Except fault?

FED-UP (Rugby).—"What would you do if you couldn't afford the rent of a house you would like to take?" Try to move the landlord.

L. P. (Keston).—"What does one generally see on looking out of the window on the first day of spring?" That the garden wants tidying up.

S. C. (Dover).—"I read the other day that two men recently fought a duel and killed each other with the same pistol." A couple of Scotsmen?

E. M. (Derby).—"What chance is there of a skating contest taking place between England and America?" Well, what chance is there of the Atlantic freezing?

C. B. (Twickenham).—"Very few of my friends know that I use one of the rooms in my house exclusively for developing photographs." You keep it dark.

A. S. (Shoreditch).—"Although my wife threatened me with a scolding if I did so, I have this moment bought a raffle ticket." You're in for it now.

WRITER (Chester).—"As soon as I got off the train, some careless workman splashed paint all over me." That, of course, gave you a touch of local colour.

B. E. (Catford).—"I called upon an old acquaintance of mine and was annoyed at the condescending manner in which he received me." He looked down on you when you looked him up.

T. M. K. (Derby).—"My experience is that trapezists are decent, loyal and honourable people." They certainly try not to fall short of their partners' expectations.

MERE MALE (Sutton).—"When I was straphanging last week, a big fat woman stood heavily on both my feet." Perhaps she thought they belonged to the man sitting down.

J. L. (Eastbourne).—"How can a man like me afford £1 or so weekly to run a car?" You needn't worry if you win the *Bullets* Car offered on page 47 this week—it's equipped with a £1,500 cheque!

R. M. (Enfield).—"Can you tell me why so many people are always ready to go bathing directly the swimming pools are filled?" Because it would be useless to go before they were filled.

RATEPAYER (Poole).—"I have just taken possession of my new house, and when I found that the rating assessment was very high, I went to the official responsible and told him what I thought of him." You well rated him too?

RUNNER (Herne Hill).—"Some cross-country runners can only do their best on flat park courses, but I do equally well on a hilly one, or even a natural mixture of grass, plough and road." You do not take your successes as a matter of course?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly,** he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly,** he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly,** he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

¶ **Secondly,** the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and while protecting them from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly,** another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists, in Sky-blue Canister.

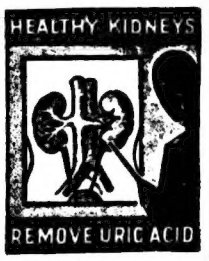
1/6

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

RHEUMATISM

The root cause of rheumatism is to be found in the failure of the kidneys to perform their duty as purifiers of the blood stream. The kidneys, which should take out every trace of poison and waste matter from the system, are allowing the blood stream to carry excess uric acid all over the body.

This uric acid quickly forms sharp, needle-pointed crystals which settle in joints, causing swelling, stiffness and the agonising pain of rheumatism. The correct treatment must restorethe kidneys to their healthy, natural state, so that uric acid is filtered out from the blood. That is why De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills can effect permanent relief in the most obstinate and deep-seated cases of rheumatism.



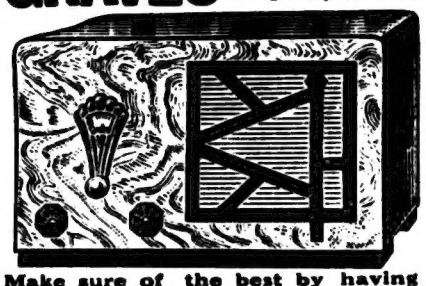
De WITTS PILLS
MAKE YOUR
KIDNEYS HEALTHY

De Witts Pills act directly on the kidneys and restore them to their natural, effective action as the filters of waste of the system. You will have visible proof of this direct action within 24 hours of taking De Witts Pills. With the lessening of uric acid, the root cause of rheumatism disappears. Take the genuine De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills and then rest assured that restored, healthy kidneys will take Nature's own wonderful way of preventing rheumatism. Price 3/ per box, or larger, more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS
BRAND
KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of the best by having THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set—a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.

8/- NOW

H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.18.6 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. G. A. B. of Newbridge, Mon., writes:—"It may interest you to know that within a ½*-hour (of receiving the National 3 Valve Set) I had it working splendidly, and we were all amazed at its beautiful tone. It has given every satisfaction as has everything we have had from your firm during the past 18 years."*

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the safe, sure Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at all chemists.

Send For This

FREE CATALOGUE

Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of "John Bull" a Catalogue crammed full of bargains together with full details of their special easy payment terms. See page 33.

OVERWROUGHT WIVES NERVES ALL TO PIECES.

When you consider the cares and worries of the average wife and mother, is it any wonder that many are so overstrung as to be verging on hysteria?

The housewife is too often overworked, but more devastating than her daily duties are the many worries that fall upon her. These often have serious effects, causing sleeplessness, headaches, depression, and irritability. To overcome this nervous exhaustion you need Dr. Williams Pink Pills. These pills are a powerful nerve tonic because they enrich and build up the blood, and it is through the blood that the nerves are fed.

Mrs. Evans, of 200, Robertson Street, London, S.W., states: "For three years I suffered terribly from nervous exhaustion. I often fainted, was constantly dizzy and very irritable. I gradually got worse, and at last had to lay up. I had almost lost hope when a relative advised Dr. Williams pink pills, and from the first I obtained great relief. Now I can do all my housework, and never seem to get tired. It is wonderful to feel well again."

You, too, can banish all traces of nervous weakness by taking Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 0d.). The proprietors will refund your money if you fail to derive benefit.

Catarrh and Head Colds

can be instantly checked and quickly banished by 'Pineate' brand Inhalant, which costs but 1/- from your chemist. In specially designed bottle for pocket or handbag, 'Pineate' Inhalant is pleasant in use; it immediately kills infection and clears up all stuffiness and discomfort.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

RHEUMATISM

"I haven't had a bad attack for months since I've started using Sloans. It's a splendid remedy."

RHEUMATIC ACHES and PAINS which make the day's work agony and often cause loss of working time and money are robbed of their terrors by Sloans. Millions of sufferers have proved that even a single application of the liniment is remarkably effective in driving out the pain. It is applied gently to the painful joint or muscle without rubbing, and in a few minutes the pain dies away.

Whenever you have muscular or nerve pain apply Sloans. **Attack the pain where the pain is—do not drug the whole system.** Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues and clears away the congestion which causes the pain.

At all Chemists and Stores, 1/9 per bottle

MADE IN ENGLAND.

SLOANS LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

FROM CRUISER to CAFÉ

How Ex-Sailor Celebrated his *Bullets* Victory

The winner (left) at work with his brother

CUSTOMERS at the Café at 128A, Balls Pond Road, Islington, N., may often be seen reading, thinking, jotting down notes.

Horses? Football teams? Dogs? No, they are training their brains to win in the fight for *Bullets* prizes. "One of them works here for hours," said the proprietor, Mr. E. E. Catchpole, to a JOHN BULL man.

No wonder that "Bulleteers" drop in for a chat with Mr. Catchpole and a coffee. But for the huge *Bullets* First Prize of £1,500 and £50 every Christmas for life, which he won in Competition No. 831, he might still be in the Navy, with only a small pension to look forward to and poor prospects for the future.

But a New Year telegram that came to his shore address, 53, West Street, Lower Edmonton, N.9, told him, just over three years ago, of the success of his now famous *Bullet*, ANGRY SEA—FORMED BRITAIN'S "RUGGED CHARACTER."

Then a Leading Signalman in H.M.S. *Frobisher*, Mr. Catchpole was naturally anxious about the time when, his service ended, he would have to launch out in civilian life.

"But JOHN BULL solved my problems," he said. "With my prize, I enabled my two brothers to buy this business. They managed it until I left the Navy last October. We've had it nearly two years now, and it's thriving.

"We're thoroughly happy," he added, "and you can be sure that most of our customers know that we have to thank JOHN BULL for everything."

What this ex-sailor forgot was that the real person to thank was himself. Had he not seen the big possibilities in *Bullets* and grasped his opportunities, there would be no Catchpole Café in Islington to-day.

Together They Did It

When a big *Bullets* prize brings help to a home, it is a special satisfaction to husband and wife if they have earned it together.

For instance, both Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, 181, Prince's Avenue, Palmers Green, shared in the making of the *Bullet* which won Mrs. Dutton her £50 Second Prize in Competition No. 969.

Even their boy helped: he it is whom you see in his parents' homely *Bullet*, SONNY'S WRITING—EVERY "SENTENCE," "HARD LABOUR."

Illness, we learn, has handicapped the Dutton family. So this sudden success, coming after two years without a cash prize, was just the tonic which these keen "Bulleteers" were needing.

Success Follows Free Help

A newspaper paragraph about Sir Malcolm Campbell at Daytona gave Mr. L. Briggs, 9, Central Avenue, Shortstown, Bedford, the idea which won him £25 in the same Contest.

The *Example* SPLENDID prompted a compliment to Campbell's grit—and "grit" suggested "sand" with its double allusion to courage and the Daytona track. Thus, brick by brick, Mr. Briggs carefully built up his topical Third Prize *Bullet*, SPLENDID—"SAND," CAMPBELL'S SHOWING DAYTONA.

Until eight months ago, Mr. Briggs tackled *Bullets* unaided and without success. Then he secured the help of *Bullets Bulletin*. Since then he has won a Season Ticket, 2s. 6d., £5 cash, and now his big prize.

"I attribute my success," Mr. Briggs said, "to a close study of the winners and the valuable lessons given in *Bullets Bulletin*."

You are missing a valuable guide to the prize-lists if you are without the free weekly help of *Bullets Bulletin*. Its guidance can be yours each Thursday for the cost of postage—and the new Easy Registration Coupon on opposite page means that you can secure your supply in the simplest possible manner.

Ideal Motoring

Walking is good for you; cycling is pleasant enough, but where is the walker or cyclist who does not often envy the family with a car?

But motoring costs money, and you cannot be really happy on your evening outings and week-end jaunts unless the expense is well within the limits of your purse.

Think, then, of the satisfaction of suddenly learning that you are £1,500 richer and that a fine Sunshine Saloon is being presented to you, so that you can enjoy the coming summer to the full.

That double thrill and all the blessings in its train are soon to come to some "Bulleteer." Be quick with your entry for our Record One-week Offer, and they may come to you!

OVER 100 BIG CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 970

J. PROBERT, 12, Craig Park Road, Malpas, Newport, Mon.

Example: TORCH OF PROGRESS
Bullet: SETS "OLD STICKS" ROARING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

O. MASON, 51, King Edward Road, Maidstone.
Example: Revenge
Bullet: As Wrong as 'Wrong."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

J. A. BRANDER, Woodland Leigh, Torquay.
Example: Goes Down Well
Bullet: Smile—Down Goes "Wall"!

5 of £10 each:

F. M. BARRATT, 21, Petlands Road, Haywards Heath
Blinding Flash—Miners' "Limelight"—And "Curtain."

Mrs. K. CHAMBERS, 8, Waterloo Road, Nottingham.
To Keep Out The Cold—Hard, "Working In Patches."

A. H. MARTIN, 7, Keyfield, St. Albans.
War In The Air—Brothers Wronging Wright Brothers
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. W. POTTER, 8 Smeaton Terrace, Plymouth.
At Auntie's Cafe—Every "Order" Produces "Chaos"!

A. WILLIAMSON, 67, Salisbury Street, Hull.
As One Man—"Feeds" Machine, Many Starve.

5 of £7 10s. each:

W. ARNEIL, 56, Axholme Avenue, Edgware.
He's A Miner, So—Job's Safe—From Women!

C. H. BOLTON, 88, Wolverton Road, Leicester.
War In The Air—*Can* "Escape From," Now!

B. DENNISON, 36, Clovelly Avenue, Blackpool.
He's A Miner, So—"Steel," Could—"Brass" Disgrace.

Mrs. J. KING, 58, Lawton Moor Road, Manchester.
Gallant Crew—Subsidy "Rocket" Isn't Reaching.

J. TODD, 169a, Green Street, London, E.
Wise Husband—Lets "*Pictures*" Remove *Cobwebs*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

5 of £5 each:

R. E. BENTLEY, 21, Holly Park Road, New Southgate.
He's A Miner, So—Braves "Fall"—Fears "Push."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. B. GREGSON, 3, Highfield Drive, Pudsey.
Father's Nightmare—Zeppelins—Later, Blamed Sausages!

C. C. HARRISON 1, Chapel Row, Lofthus, York.
Wise Husband—Mr. So-and-So Un "So-so."

C. ROBERTSHAW, 21, Northcote Avenue, Bradford.
Penny Post—Patiently Awaited Like Stamp!

L. SIMMONDS, 28, Glebe Road, Peterborough.
Gallant Crew—Wished *Platform* Would "Sink."

(Bonuses to £23, £24 and £12 [illegible] be paid to the first three [illegible] accordance with the terms of our [illegible])

A list of 10 £4 10s., 10 £4, 10 £1 10s., 15 £1, 49 £1 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

RECORD ONE-WEEK 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£1,500 CASH AND LUXURIOUS 'MORRIS' TEN-FOUR FAMILY CAR

Value £175

RECORD ONE-WEEK CHEQUE FOR £1,625 MAY BE CHOSEN IF PREFERRED TO 2-in-1 PRIZE

Reliable, economical and simple to drive, this handsome 4-Seater Saloon with Sunshine roof is the ideal family car and it is accompanied by full equipment and Maker's guarantee. Winner chooses colour.

973

THIS WEEK ONLY! | 10,547 OTHER PRIZES | £100 | 10 of £5 · 10 of £2.10 · 25 of £1 · 500 of 2/6 · 2,000 Red Seal 'Targets' · 8,000 'Target' Prizes. | £25 | ENTER BY SAT. MARCH 2

WIN THE FINEST ONE-WEEK PRIZE EVER OFFERED IN "BULLETS"

TO-DAY yet another *Bullets* record is smashed in sensational style. Heading the mighty one-week offer on this page you see an unparalleled First Prize, consisting of a £1,500 fortune and a magnificent "Morris" 4-seater Family Saloon Car. Should the winner prefer, he or she may take instead a record one-week cheque for £1,625.

Congratulations from JOHN BULL to the winner of this huge 2-in-1 First will be wired on Friday, March 15. Picture yourself opening that astonishing telegram, then paying £1,500 into the bank and later receiving your luxurious car, equipped and guaranteed by its famous makers. Think what wonderful week-ends you could enjoy this summer at the wheel of your Sunshine Saloon! And what countless blessings that giant fortune of £1,500 could bring to you and yours.

HOW TO WIN

When starting to make *Bullets*, remember that each must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link closely with the chosen *Example* and with it form some apt and original comment.

Suppose, for instance, you decide to work on the *Example*, AT DAGGERS DRAWN. Turning your thoughts to the failure of numerous Disarmament Conferences you could add the words, *In Reality, Smiling Conference Delegates.* This is a rough idea, but it is not yet a *Bullet*.

After a little juggling with those words, however, you could easily condense and improve the phrasing into the finished effort. AT DAGGERS DRAWN—DELEGATES—TILL CUTLERY "FLASHING."

Before commencing on your *Bullets*, study the good points of the winning efforts in Competition No. 970 which appear on the previous page. Then make a start on your own efforts, making sure that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, March 2.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TRUE PATRIOT
WEALTH OF LOVE
AT DAGGERS DRAWN
KEPT ALIVE
LIKE A WHIRLWIND
SPICE OF DANGER
TO SEE HER SMILE
SAID THE WAITER
NEWS
DRY AS DUST
LIKE SHEEP
NOT FOR SALE
IN THE WARS
DAD'S A FIREMAN, SO
"TALLY—HO!"
FIRST
RIFLES
IN SIGHT
QUIET AS MICE
ONLY AN ENGLISHMAN
CONVENTION'S BARRIERS
PRIZE IDIOT
CROONING
TELLING MOTHER
FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE
HAD HE THOUGHT
TEACHER'S MISTAKE
LEAVING THE VILLAGE
AUNTIE'S CAT
ON TOP OF THE WORLD
THINNER AND THINNER
CYCLISTS
UP AND DOING
IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY
CLEAR AS CRYSTAL
WHEN OLD AGE COMES

SAVE MONEY by enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords, and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance FREE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 969 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Sherwell, High Street, Garlinge, Margate.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(973) Closing SAT., Mar. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(973) Closing SAT., Mar. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(973) Closing SAT., Mar. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(973) Closing SAT., Mar. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(973) Closing SAT., Mar. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, cut it out before completing your "Bullets" coupons, remembering that efforts can be entered on plain paper if desired.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 973 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 973, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

60 Hours A Year Wasted in SHAVING

Remarkable Time Saving, Trouble Saving, Money Saving Benefit of New Scientific

SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS

Shaving Method

5 FREE SHAVES

(See Coupon below)

DO you realise that shaving wastes 60 hours of your time every year? But it need never do so again! A new discovery—"Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream—saves 60 hours a year on shaving!

SAVES TROUBLE—because it does away with Soap, Brush and Shaving Pot and renders it unnecessary to shave twice a day as some men are forced to do!

SAVES TIME—because it enables you to shave in 5 minutes instead of 15 minutes—saving 60 HOURS a year!

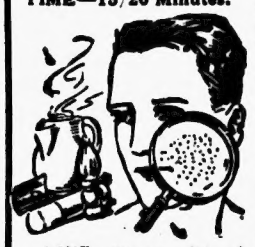
SAVES RAZOR BLADES—because the hair is cut more easily and the keen edge of the blade lasts longer.

SAVES THE SKIN — because the creamy base is a skin food. It keeps your face satiny soft and youthful.

The Old Way

Take a Shaving Pot, Shaving Soap, Shaving Brush and a Razor. Secure some hot water. Rub the Shaving Soap over your beard. Lather vigorously. Make sure you don't drop suds all over the bathroom. Then start to shave. If your beard is very tough, lather all over again and shave a second time.

TIME—15/20 Minutes.



ABOVE you see that, although the man has shaved the magnifying glass shows the shave is by no means close.

The New Way

1. Wet the face (hot or cold water).
2. Apply a small quantity of "Harlene" Shaving Cream with the finger-tips.
3. SHAVE!

TIME—5 Minutes.

With "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream the shave is as close as it is possible to get.

"Harlene" SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

From all Chemists and Stores Price 6d. & 1/- per Tube.

Ideal for Ladies.

You Should Also Use

"HARLENE" HAIR CREAM

HARLENE HAIR CREAM is the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for men. It gives an air of distinction and a sleekness and polish which is eminently natural, and sets the hair without the least semblance of hardness.

HARLENE HAIR CREAM is sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 7½d., 1/1½, and 2/- per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE

Send for a Free Sample at once

See Coupon on the right.

2 FREE GIFTS COUPON

Send this coupon with 3d. stamps and your name and address for Free 5-day Tube of "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream and a Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream to:

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.S.936), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

(Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

Choose your 3 Free "Harlene" Preparations and send the coupon.

By return the Postman will bring them to your door wherever you live.

Enjoy the delight of a Cremex Shampoo—it cleanses, refreshes, and brightens!

Practise the Scientific 2-Minute Hair Health Exercise—"Harlene-Hair-Drill."

What a Glorious Transformation—thanks to "Harlene-Hair-Drill."

Let the Postman Bring You NEW HAIR BEAUTY FREE

Marvellous Results of

HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL

Choose Your THREE And Get Them FREE

If YOUR hair is Thin, Lifeless, Lustreless, if YOU are going Bald or notice loose hairs clinging to your brush or comb, you are invited to accept FREE of Charge special test supplies of ANY THREE of the world-famous Harlene Hair Improving Preparations described below. Just choose which three you require and send the COUPON WITHOUT DELAY!

1 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

HARLENE is the true liquid FOOD for the hair. Its nourishing, stimulating and revitalising influence extends to every tiny hair root and shaft. In an amazingly short time

—**Falling hair stops falling.**
—**Lank hair takes on a new lustre.**
—**Bald patches disappear and the head is crowned with a thick, abundant, lustrous glory of healthy hair.**

Take care of your Children's Hair! 'Harlene' preserves, strengthens, and invigorates it. From all chemists and stores. 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. From all chemists, 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

4 'HARLENE' Wave Setting Lotion

A veritable economy boon for ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair-Waving Bills. 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

5 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured, and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour *restoratice*, 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your Name and Address and state which numbers are required.*

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.910) 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., LONDON, W.C.

Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

144 B97

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A 116